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The Voyage of the Baltika

THE voyage of the *Baltika* may prove to be a landmark of post-war Realpolitik as significant as were the Yalta conference, say, and the Berlin airlift in their day. It is because rich – and new – pickings await him in New York that it is worth Mr Krushchev's while to travel there and to submit to the personal insults which the Americans are heaping on him. Tito, Nasser and Castro are joining him, not because they can reasonably be classed alongside Kadar and Co as belonging to Krushchev's claque of courtiers, but because they cannot afford to stay away: their role is integral to the drama which is about to unfold.

Briefly, Krushchev's journey is based on the calculation that, either now or in the near future, he can command a majority in the General Assembly – at least on issues to which the emotive word 'colonial' can be attached, and so probably (once an anti-western voting pattern begins to establish itself) on the more general issues of the Cold War. It is too early to say whether this calculation will prove to be true in the immediate future. But two factors are inescapable: first, that in sheer voting strength the bloc of so-called 'new' and 'uncommitted' nations, if added to the Communist bloc, is sufficient to defeat the classical western grouping of the Nato, Seato and Latin-American powers; secondly, that the allegiance of the uncommitted nations is not necessarily determined by considerations of logic or even fairness.

Hence the importance of Congo. It may reasonably be argued that Mr Lumumba has by sheer incapacity forfeited his claims to outside support, that even the legality of his claim is now open to serious question, that he is as much a stooge of the Russians as Mr Tshombe is of the Belgians. In the struggle for UN votes, the validity of such arguments is beside the point unless they commend themselves to African opinion. And the unpalatable fact is (as Ghanaian reluctance to commit troops to Mr Hammarskjold's anti-Lumumba policy proves) that in African eyes Lumumba is the anti-colonial, and therefore legitimate, leader of the Congo, while Tshombe and Kasavubu are the 'instruments of imperialism'. No wonder Krushchev can afford to be philosophic about being barred from the delights of Long Island! He has no vital interest in Africa and can afford to play, with total cynicism, the rich uncle to African nationalism. The western powers, by contrast, must either aquiesce in nationalist appetites, however predatory and hostile these may seem, or line up in direct opposition. And if the latter, how? Gone are the days when America had only to appeal to the General Assembly to cancel out Russia's power in the Security Council. It is almost certain that a pro-Lumumba resolution, jointly backed by Russia and Ghana, would receive the support of the Assembly, leaving the western powers isolated and helpless.

The UN, which for so long could be manipulated as an instrument of western policy, can be so no longer. The reason is fundamental: the 'new' nations which hold the balance are not convinced that the fine declarations of western democracy are anything more than a screen behind which the old imperialist policies are being prosecuted. For the West to seek to change this situation by a policy of personal rudeness towards Krushchev is childish. To attempt to match the propaganda of Krushchev, Castro and the Afro-Asians by similarly marshalling the top-brass on our side, as now seems to be the White House plan, will no doubt be of limited value in containing the extent of the short-term tactical victory which Krushchev seems to have in the bag.

But the real lesson is more fundamental – and more difficult. If the balance of power in the UN is itself to be redressed, it will be only by a reversal of western policy on the symbolic issues by which, justly or unjustly, the rest of the world now judges us. Algeria, Cuba and South Africa hang like stinking albatrosses on the image of western democracy; and, unless we get rid of them, we must prepare to be increasingly excluded from polite society in the new-style UN.

Comments on the Week's News

Berlin

Provocations

A Diplomatic Correspondent writes: When is a provocation not a provocation? The western allies will quickly have to find an answer. The East Germans' answer is simple enough: it's a provocation if we choose to call it so. The present campaign began with the proposed visit of the Bundestag to Berlin. The visit was 'provocative'. Yet it had taken place every year since 1954, without provoking any very violent Soviet or East German reaction. The meetings of the 'expellees' and the veterans association, which provoked the recent week-end ban on West German visitors to East Berlin, have also been held in the city several years running, without much Communist protest. The latest East German move, in a campaign organised with care and carried through with some logical finesse, is a hint that a visit of Herr Lübke, the Federal President, would be regarded as 'provocative'. Simultaneously, the East German authorities have announced that they no longer recognise the validity of West German passports held by West Berliners. The purpose of these moves is transparent: the solidarity of the West Berliners with West Germany is to be gradually undermined. In logic, the East German case is strong: West Berlin is not part of sovereign West Germany; it is still under four-power occupation. Indeed, this is the basis of the whole western position. It is not West German sovereignty, but Berlin's continuing occupation status, to which the West Berliners pin their hope of survival.

To declare, therefore, as did Professor Erhard last week in Berlin 'whether it pleases Herr Ulbricht or not, I am on the territory of the Federal Republic here' could be suicidal for the West Berliners. It is significant that Professor Erhard was quick to correct his mistake. And what of the proposed candidature of the West Berliner, Herr Brandt, for the Chancellorship in next year's West German elections? Or of the use of West German currency and and postage stamps in West Berlin? If Herr Ulbricht is under instructions to feel provoked, he has, it would appear, an embarrassingly large number of ostensible 'provocations' to choose from.

India

Nehru and Ayub

Our New Delhi Correspondent writes: On the eve of Mr Nehru's visit to Pakistan, many in Delhi are inclined to speak of its 'historic significance'. The immediate object is the signing of the canal waters agreement, described by the World Bank as a unique document. The description is apt. A water dispute of such magnitude has never before been peacefully settled. The treaty covers a system of six rivers and 30 canals, feeding some 30 million acres.

The treaty is largely a triumph for the World Bank. Pakistan's initial reluctance was overcome by the promise that the Bank, the US and a number of Commonwealth countries would raise a fund of some $1.07 billion to help meet its expenditure on link canals, etc. But it is possible that Pakistan took a realistic view when it became clear that India's rapid construction programme would mean increased withdrawals from the eastern rivers and thus a fall in Pakistan's share.

It is assumed that Mr Nehru's five days in Pakistan will be devoted to some broader purposes than the formality of signing a treaty. The two leaders will explore the possibilities of settling other disputes, particularly Kashmir. Opinion in Delhi seems cautiously optimistic. Caution is induced by President Ayub's recent statements, as reported in the Indian press, but optimism remains. Recently, President Ayub expressed the hope that problems like Kashmir, which had acquired 'a new sense of urgency', would be solved soon. He nevertheless went on to remark that 'the very fact that we will have to be content with the waters of the three western rivers will underline the importance of having physical control on the upper reaches of these rivers to secure their maximum utilization for the ever-growing needs of West Pakistan'. This was naturally the subject of questions in the Indian parliament. Nehru replied that he did not agree with President Ayub's 'inferences'.

Why has President Ayub appeared so cold and distant when the meeting, which till the other day he thought so important, is about to take place? Why has he been so anxious to bring up fresh points of dispute when one principal difficulty is hardly out of the way? The most indulgent view in Delhi is that his statements were addressed primarily to the 'wild men' in Pakistan who might suspect him of succumbing to Nehru's charms and surrendering Pakistan's rights. Another possible interpretation is that the reference to Kashmir in the context of riparian rights implies a willingness to lift the problem of Kashmir out of its arid political context and approach it as a practical economic issue which should be amenable to treatment on the same pragmatic level on which the canal waters problem has been solved. It is remembered, however, that the argument based on the need to control the sources of the three rivers assigned to Pakistan is not new, and a reiteration of it does not imply the abandonment of claims based on other considerations. Some think that President Ayub merely wishes to counter any possible impression abroad of a shift in Pakistan's policy after accepting Russian aid for oil exploration.

The only realistic solution of Kashmir, it has been urged, is to convert the cease-fire line into a state boundary. But obviously neither side can be expected to make the first move in such a matter. The utmost that is generally expected from Mr Nehru's visit is that a friendly atmosphere will be created which may make solutions and compromises possible. But there have been attempts before at creating such an atmosphere, which seemed successful enough to begin with.

Westminster

Apostle of Conflict

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* Some people wondered if Mr Macmillan was playing a sly joke when he appointed Mr Enoch Powell as Minister of Health. A marriage between the great economiser and a spending department which seemed likely to prove increasingly expensive clearly had interesting possibilities. After only a few months, however, one is beginning to ask whether the joke, if any, will not be on Mr Macmillan.

Enoch Powell, like Gordon Pirie, is a dedicated man; and just as Pirie pursues physical fitness to the point of physical exhaustion, so Powell pursues the logical to the point where it is in danger of being political nonsense. He has an intense feeling for the individual, which springs, one suspects, not out of brotherly love but from a reasoned belief that the individual is the really viable unit. Anything that harms the individual, whether it is the bestialities of Hola camp in Kenya or the extortions of the Inland Revenue in Britain, is, generally speaking, wrong. The individual can provide for himself and should be allowed to. The state is a machine to provide protection for life and property and also a safety net for the unfortunate individuals who stumble. But it is not a community. The only community, to Powell, is the family.

The logic of this probably leads Powell into disliking free public education, trade unions and trade associations, national insurance and a free health service. He would no doubt maintain the National Assistance Board, though its operations would be governed more strictly than at present by the words 'needs' and 'means'. On the whole, Powell thinks, individuals today should be able to pay their way without doles, in cash, services or kind from the state.

What this could mean in terms of Ministry of Health policies is obvious. It could mean much more than the increased charges for teeth, specs and prescriptions which some Sunday papers are now forecasting. It could surely lead to the complete abandonment of the Health Service, except, of course, for unfortunates below a certain level of means. It is most unlikely that the present Cabinet would consider this; and, for all his love of pursuing logic, it is doubtful whether Powell, at so early a stage, would risk a head-on clash with his colleagues. Yet he knows that his guiding principle – to each according to his abilities and efforts, from each according to what he buys – is one very close to the surface in the minds of a Conservative majority. This is where the real, the explosive

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joke on Harold Macmillan may come in.

Macmillan has used many a lulling hand-wave to suggest that there is no real difference between the Conservative and Labour establishments. There are the lunatic fringes on either side – the Hinchingbrookes and the Fells, the Foots and the Silvermans – but between them is the broad mass of men of goodwill who differ on the hustings, of course, but then work together on parallel, even identical, lines for the country's good. Such an atmosphere makes the electorate feel that there is no point in changing governments. Leave it to the government and Her Majesty's Most Loyal Opposition to carry on as they are! Into these calm waters comes Powell. He reasserts that there is no such thing as a third, soft, middle opinion between Conservatism and Socialism. Butskellism, to him, is an evil fraud, whether it is practised by Mr Butler or by Mr Gaitskell. Butler must be guided back to true Conservatism and Gaitskell must be exposed for the Socialist he is. So must Sir Thomas Williamson.

The man who now raises this flag cannot be dismissed as inconsiderable. He is no longer just the ex-Professor of Greek translating Herodotus, nor the shy poet with eyes turned inward, nor the lonely, white-faced idealist. He is a man who resigned office on a point of principle, about which most of his fellow Conservatives believe him to have been right, and who has now been restored not merely to the government but to Cabinet rank and who, there, is beginning to express views and sentiments which for a year or more have been murmured with increasing intensity on the Conservative back benches. Such a man could blow the close corporation of present day politics wide open, to the dismay of his leaders and the delight of his followers. He could even reinvigorate the Labour party. Clearly a man to be watched.

The Highlands

Where Salmon Eat Men

A Special Correspondent writes: More tourists than ever this summer have taken the single-track roads to the Highlands and Islands. Many lodged with crofters (while the crofters slept where they could) and expressed, no doubt, admiration or sympathy for their mode of life. Had they felt the pulse of the countryside more firmly they would have diagnosed a mounting anger in the crofts of Sutherland and Ross; a determination among crofters no longer to acquiesce in conditions which they believe are threatening their future.

Men meeting at Brora, like the well-established Lochaber group, have now formed themselves into a Sutherland union for self-protection. They are campaigning for the repeal of the Crofters Act. More and more individuals are showing courage in standing up to the rich men who, more than the government, are the principal source of discontent – the landlords.

The behaviour of Highland landlords may sound incredible in other parts of Britain: certainly visitors are astonished at the size of estates and the power wielded by the rich. But the picture the Highlands now present is of crofters, on the one hand, struggling in vain to expand, while landlords, on the other, resist the ambitious crofter and wish to preserve vast estates, often simply for sport. Thus recently in North and South Uist, land which the government might have purchased under the Small Landowners Act (1911) and permitted the crofters to work, making the islands economically more viable, was sold to sporting interests.

Currently a case is being fought tooth and nail through the Land Courts by a crofter who lives near Beauly, who, being a go-ahead man with a growing family, wanted to acquire a few weed-infested acres near his croft – acres that no-one had worked within living memory. The landowner, a rich man who, among many other interests, runs 30 farms, will not allow him to acquire them. If the crofter loses, he will probably leave the Highlands and that old song of depopulation will be heard again. The landlords don't really want crofters: they get in the way of the deer, the grouse and the salmon.

Meanwhile the Crofters' Commission recommends patience and asks crofters to wait until someone dies, when his piece of land can be added to the already inadequate township. It also advocates tourism, which is reasonable up to a point but no substitute for land. But even tourism many landlords find intolerable. Pressure is brought to bear on crofters who have the temerity to put up wayside kiosks selling sweets to passing trade. In a notorious Sutherland case a crofter prepared a caravan site and built two chalets to catch his share of the tourist traffic. The landlord wanted a percentage of the takings, but the crofter resisted him and threatened to take the matter to the Edinburgh Court of Session, calling as a witness the chairman of the Crofters' Commission who, everyone was reminded, had been preaching tourism. So far, the victory is the crofter's. Three other crofters were less obdurate and fortunate. Of their charge of 2s. 6d. for their chalets, they were forced by their landlord to pay him one shilling. Their landlord is one of the wealthiest industrialists in Britain.

These samples of pettiness help to keep ill-will burning, but the real cause of discontent lies in the refusal of landlords even to rent land to men hungry for it, and in the government's reluctance to use any powers enabling crofters to expand their tiny small-holdings.

Belfast

Happy Families?

A Correspondent writes: When the Stormont House of Commons reassembles in October it will have one new member, Major James Chichester-Clarke who has – fortunate for him – been returned unopposed as the member for South Derry. He will join a large band of privileged politicians – 25 in fact of the 52 members of the Northern Ireland parliament – who seldom have to worry about electoral opposition. They are all nearly always returned unopposed. Needless to say these priviliged politicians are all Unionists. They represent two-thirds of the entire Unionist membership of the Stormont parliament and at the last general election, in 1958, they included several Cabinet ministers.

As Major Chichester-Clarke retired from the army only a month or two ago, it is reasonable to assume that he has little experience in politics. Not that he will need much – he has a very good chance of being the unopposed member for South Derry for the rest of his political life. In any case political experience does not matter very much in the Ulster Unionist Party. Sir David Campbell, for example, who leads the Unionist contingent at Westminster, came into politics for the first time in 1952 when he retired from the Colonial Service at the ripe age of 61.

If Major Chichester-Clarke has little political experience he has, however, the right kind of family connections, and such connections, like colonial service, count for more in Unionist politics than practical experience – or anything else.

The new MP's grandmother is Dame Dehra Parker, a former Stormont Minister for Health and Local Government, and she was the member for South Derry until a few days before the major retired from the army. When she resigned – at the last and most appropriate minute – some unkindly critics said she had been keeping the seat warm for her grandson. She herself was the MP from 1921, except for a few years in the early 1930's when her son, the late Captain J. C. Chichester-Clarke, father of the major, was the incumbent. As this family has been returned unopposed in nearly every election over the past 40 years, it is obvious that the decisions as to who should represent the constituency were taken not by the electorate but the Unionist Party or, more correctly, by the Chichester-Clarkes.

So South Derry could best be described as being the hereditary parliamentary seat of the Chichester-Clarkes. Indeed the Six Counties themselves seem to have been the hereitary holding of the Chichester-Clarkes for some three centuries. They are all descended from that shrewd Jacobean coloniser, Sir Arthur Chichester, the lord of the Ulster plantation. The new South Derry MPs brother, Mr R. Chichester-Clarke, has been a Unionist MP for Londonderry in the Westminster parliament since 1955. His cousin, Mr Phelim O'Neill, son and heir of Lord Rathcavan, was a Westminster MP for North Antrim until last year when he resigned to take a seat – again unopposed – in the Northern Ireland House of Commons. Belfast's political tipsters say that this Mr O'Neill is likely to become a member of the Stormont government in the next Cabinet reshuffle.

Lord Rathcavan himself, when he was Sir Hugh O'Neill, represented County Antrim constituencies at Westminster from 1915 till 1952 and was for a time the chairman of the Conservative Private Members' Committee. From 1921 till 1929, he was the Speaker of the Northern Ireland parliament. During his reign, several O'Neills, Chichester-Clarkes and their family relatives were in parliament, either as members or as parliamentary officials. Captain Terence O'Neill, cousin to the North Antrim O'Neills and to the South Derry Chichester-Clarkes, is the present Northern Ireland Minister of Finance and the (unopposed) member for Bannside in the Stormont House of Commons.

Closely related to the O'Neills and Chichester-Clarkes are Mr Henry Clarke MP – a former Colonial official like Sir David Campbell – who took over Mr Phelim O'Neill's North Antrim seat and is now at Westminster; Sir George Clarke, the supreme head of the Orange Order, at one time Unionist MP for the Dock Division of Belfast and now a member of the Northern Ireland Senate; and Sir George Clarke's kinsman, by marriage, Mr H. M. W. Clark, deputy leader of the Northern Ireland Senate.

This is quite a long genealogy for so small a place as Northern Ireland but again it is not the only example. Lord Glentoran, the present Northern Ireland Minister for Commerce, is the member of parliament for the Bloomfield Division of Belfast, a seat which his father, the first Lord Glentoran and

formerly Sir Herbert Dixon, held from 1920 until his death about ten years ago. Lord Glentoran's grandfather, Sir Daniel Dixon, was Unionist MP for Belfast North at Westminster until 1907, when he died and the seat passed to Sir George Clarke, father of Senator Sir George Clarke, the leader of the Orangemen. Mr J. L. O. Andrews, the present Minister of Health and Local Government, is the MP for Mid-Down, the seat which his father, the late John Miller Andrews, who was Prime Minister of Northern Ireland for a brief period during the war, also held from 1920 until his death. Mr J. L. O. Andrews did little – or maybe nothing – in politics before his father died. But his uncle was a Lord Chief Justice in Northern Ireland.

Among ordinary Unionist MPs who have inherited parliamentary seats there is, for example, Mr Nat Minford, the member for Antrim. His father, Hugh Minford, was MP for the same constituency. Mr Minford carries on the family tradition in more ways than one. His father was a well-known Unionist extremist of the 'no surrender' and 'not an inch' variety; so is he. Another example is Mr David Little the Unionist MP for West Down. Mr Little is the son of the late Rev. Dr Little who represented North Down as a Unionist in the Westminster parliament for many years.

The tendency to keep power in the hands of a few families, similar as it is to the practices of the 17th and 18th centuries when the landed aristocracy controlled the governments of Ireland, means that the Stormont regime is starved of people with ministerial initiative and ability. It is the reason why Stormont has a crisis every time a minister resigns or dies. Perhaps it is also the reason why Ulster counts for so little in Westminster – why its economy lags permanently behind the rest of Britain.

Fleet Street

TUC in the Doghouse

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* I suppose it is just possible that in the course of its 92 years the TUC has had a worse press but it seems unlikely. Criticisms of the TUC in earlier periods, although often heated, were usually at least tinged with respect – and sometimes with fear. This year the practically unanimous press reaction has been one of mocking contempt. Even the *Guardian*, which on the whole treated the TUC debates with more sympathy than most, summed up on Saturday: 'The 92nd Trades Union Congress which ended yesterday already seems almost irrelevant to all the problems of the unions.' And *The Times* concluded 'Seldom if ever in the history of the trade union movement has there been less sense of corporate responsibility on the General Council or less respect by active union members for the views of their leaders.'

Nobody naturally expects the TUC to win universal praise from a predominantly right-wing press: on the rare occasions when it has, it has usually been because it has not been doing its real job. But on this occasion it has managed to dismay even its friends. There were few issues which it touched without, in the judgment of most of the correspondents in the Isle of Man or their editors and leader-writers back home, confusing them. This judgment need not in all cases be taken very seriously and certainly not accepted as unbiased. But what has been significant this year has been the practically unanimous press assumption that the TUC no longer commands even that minimum of loyal support among newspaper readers which used to impose upon its critics the necessity to throw in a few compliments among the many barbs.

'Congress In Agony', proclaimed the *Telegraph* on the right; 'A Shabby Farce', echoed the *News Chronicle* in the Liberal middle; and even the *Daily Herald* on the left (free now of its commitment to pretend that the TUC General Council is automatically composed of intellectual giants) could do no more than argue, with justice, that the muddle in which the TUC had got itself and the Labour Party over defence should at least be thought of as 'an honourable muddle'. To the *Express* which, mainly because of the influence exercised by its veteran Industrial Correspondent, Trevor Evans, is on the whole fairer in trade union matters than many others, it was 'a disastrous week for the British Labour movement'. 'Are We As Daft As All This?' asked the *People*; and the *Daily Mail* made no pretence of hiding its pleasure in an 'organised disagreement' which had, it told its readers in a somewhat confused metaphor, revealed the Labour movement as a 'hollow puff-ball party, devoid of any dynamic, a pale pink meringue with no cream'.

Naturally the effect of the TUC's deliberations on the coming Labour Party Conference most engaged the attention of newspapers. 'Labour Future At Stake', declared the *Herald* on the morrow of the defence debate. Arguing that the two-way vote of the TUC on defence had thrown Labour's dilemma straight at the party conference, it concluded that although it was just possible that the party conference, too, might leave the issue in doubt if, as seems more than possible, it takes the Cousins line and rejects the official policy, then the resulting cleavage would be 'disastrous and unbridgeable'. In the *News Chronicle*, Douglas Brown concluded that in the light of the TUC Labour was left with only 'three tormented weeks' to save itself. He argued that its only hope of doing so was for 'three or four able men in the Shadow Cabinet and three or four able men in the TUC General Council' to get together to hammer out an agreement which would satisfy the majority of the Labour movement. But an essential pre-requisite of this, he concluded, was that 'Hugh Gaitskell would have to be sacrificed'. The *Daily Telegraph* went further. It was already prepared with the funeral service. 'The party', it announced with much unction, 'would be better dead; and the quicker it can get through its agony the sooner some more reasonably constituted successor can be set on its feet'. *The Times*, although more cautious, was not much more encouraging. 'Headed For Disaster' was the title of its leading article. 'Though it has its ludicrous moments the self-destruction of the opposition is a sad and foreboding spectacle in our political life', declared the *Sunday Times*.

The *Observer* was almost alone in pointing out that funerals, however enjoyable, need a corpse and that the Labour movement was still alive and, possibly, even capable of confounding the Fleet Street mourners. 'The much mocked antics of the Trade Union Congress on the desperately serious issue of nuclear defence may', it commented, 'have been preposterous but at least they have not yet irrevocably compromised the future of the British Left.' It praised 'the courageous Mr W. J. Carron' for 'braving ridicule in a good cause' and argued that if the party conference follows the TUC in voting both ways on defence that would still leave it open for Labour to 'scourge the government while developing dynamic policies of its own fit to meet the challenge of the modern world'. Its

conclusion was that if the Labour Party will make up its mind to demonstrate that Britain's wisest course is a defence policy capable of leading to a Russian-American agreement to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons 'while not sabotaging the balance of power in the process', and *'if* the trade unions can become less unpopular', then 'Labour might still win the next election'. After the mass of reports from Douglas both these 'ifs' are likely to seem to most newspaper readers pretty big ones.

This Rent Question

IRENE T. BARCLAY

Rents are news again, particularly in London. In the past few weeks the Minister has announced that he will authorise the compulsory purchase of residential property in cases where tenants are threatened with exorbitant rents, and some East End boroughs have taken swift action. In St Pancras, the Borough Council's rent increases, and differential renting scheme is being defied by Messrs Cook and Rowe in a blaze of publicity. Among the many articles and comments in the press, *The Times* has published an authoritative analysis of rents past and present in relation to incomes and earnings.

The case of the East End boroughs is a pointer to the meaning of the end of the three-year agreements made under the 1957 Act. Certainly not all tenants faced with a 200 per cent increase have such poor value for money as the inhabitants of some antiquated flats which have recently figured prominently in the news, but the principle holds. The agent of the properties in question interviewed on the radio said 'These people do not want baths in their flats. They prefer to go to the public baths'. Asked why anyone should prefer not to have a bath at home, the agent said that tenants would not sacrifice a room for a bathroom.

Here he was on surer ground. Those municipalities and trusts which have modern flats built to the requirements of the future have achieved them only by the slow and costly process of gradually emptying a block and then making architectural alterations which involve cutting down the number of lettings. Higher rents can of course be charged for the modernised flats, but it is not a project which recommends itself to owners who are free to demand high rents for old tenements without the expenditure of trouble or capital. The position was summed up by the agent in the ancient formula: 'We have to consider our shareholders'.

The case of St Pancras is in some respects a specialised one owing to the recent history of the borough, but it is worth pointing out one aspect of the situation which has general significance. The very high rate of interest which the Council had to pay on capital raised for much needed housing has greatly increased their difficulties. The *Guardian* of 10 August pointed out: 'It was calculated last year in St Pancras, not untypical in this respect, that every £100 of rent collected was used as follows: Interest charges £51, Loan repayments £15, Repairs £22, Management £12'. These are thought-provoking figures.

The title of the articles in *The Times* is *Realism About Rents*. The writer, Mr D. R. Denman, of the Department of Estate Management of Cambridge University, has made use of *An Abstract of Statistics from the Central Statistical Office* and other government publications, as well as of figures quoted, for instance, by the Cooperative Building Society and the Estate Exchange, and has compiled indices of personal incomes, wages, house prices and rents. The result of this painstaking statistical analysis is, approximately, that in the 20 years from 1938 to 1958 the amount of income devoted to rent had in no way caught up with the rise in personal incomes, and particularly with wages and salaries. 'The consummate verdict of the indices . . . supports an average increase in house rents at the present time of 136 per cent over the 1958 rent.' The writer, however, points out that this calculation deals with averages, and its general application 'would soon lead to anomalies and injustice'.

In the second article, the writer points out that permitted increases under the 1957 Act of two and a half times the gross annual value still represents an average advance of only somewhere about 130 per cent over the 1938 rents, and he suggests that in this case a further advance of 52 per cent over the 1958 rent would be 'the maximum that reason and equity should permit at the present time'. Where the three-year rent was twice the gross value, the maximum advance would be 95 per cent. One of the examples quoted is a flat which was controlled in central London at £150 in 1957, let in that year on a three-year agreement at £190, and is now offered at £250 – 'only half way to its possible economic and probably justifiable maximum'.

Justifiable on what grounds? On the grounds, evidently, of the overall rise in incomes and the principle that an investor in house property, as in other commercial enterprises, is entitled to the highest dividend obtainable in a free market. And so, after much careful consideration, we are led to the final conclusion: 'For the nation at large, the needed adjustment between income and rent points with unerring certainty to the wisdom of ultimately removing rent control from every doorstep, from Paddington to Penzance, from the Isle of Wight to the Shetland Islands'.

Setting aside political theory, why do some of us profoundly disagree with the unerring certainty of Mr Denman's conclusions? His figures are accurate, his sources unimpeachable, his arguments reasonable. But his thesis is built on the supposition that the law of supply and demand must apply to housing as to, for instance, television sets. If you cannot afford TV, you must go without it; and if you cannot afford to live in London, you must live somewhere else. But where?

Let us take a simple illustration of a professional or business man, whose work is in central London and whose children are at London schools. It is he whose net rent has gone up in the last three years from £150 to £190, and who now has to pay £250 from a gross income of, say, £1,300. This, with the expenses of his growing family, is an almost intolerable strain: £500 would be impossible. He might, with the help of a council or a building society loan, be able to buy a small suburban house, inconveniently far from his work and presenting great difficulties for his children. Even so, he would be fortunate compared with a young couple who could not afford either to buy a house or to pay £250, or with a man or woman too old to be accepted as good security for a mortgage loan, yet tied by work to London.

And if all city workers who cannot pay the commercial rents in a free market are to move out and crowd onto trains or daily join the miles of waiting traffic, will accommodation be available for them on the outskirts of the great industrial centres? Of course it will not. If, however, the city workers move somewhere, rents will 'settle down', or 'find their own level', so it is argued. In London they will settle down, or up, at a very high level, and the people who will pay them will not be the returning dispossessed. The vast increase in office building is already bringing more, not less, people to the centre, and London will always be in demand.

As October 1960 approaches, and the end of the three-year agreements under the 1957 Act, the cry goes up for a further stay of execution. No doubt if I knew that I should be homeless in a few weeks' time, I should cling to the hope that, given a respite, something could be done. Even another period of suspense, anxiety, and desperate searching would be preferable to the immediate prospect of having literally no where to live. Time, give us time. But what, given time, can happen? Will enough houses and flats be built and available at rents within the means of those who need them? Even the most vigorous new town building, which should have Labour's whole-hearted support, will not solve London's problem, or for very many years that of other great centres.

Should capital be available to housing co-operatives – on the Scandinavian model – at less than the market rate? That would be excellent, but where, in the places where it is wanted, could land be bought? Would cheap money for municipal housing help? It would have done, after the war, but such grants to local authorities would only be another form of subsidy, and hardly a realistic policy now. Moreover, there is the plain fact that, apart from rebuilding, the county of London cannot be much more fully developed: the opportunity for positive planning was after the war, and it has largely been thrown away. Should controls be re-imposed, and at a higher level for London? Now that so much vacated property, both below and above £40 rateable value, has been re-let at greatly increased rents, the resulting confusion by the time a Labour government could hope to put this policy into effect would be terrifying.

But is not some control in the case of housing fundamentally necessary – at least until there is a reasonable surplus of accommodation? Housing is as essential as food. Should any section of the community, in a time of scarcity, have the power to exploit the situation for its own profit? That is what is happening now, equally on the part of the speculator who sells the meanest little villa in the Home Counties for upwards of £5,000 and of the London landlady who lets a dingy furnished room for four guineas a week. The point of view is 'I can get it, so why not?'

Mr Denman inserts the saving word 'ultimately' into his final pean of praise for freedom – for landlords. Some of us are concerned with the present, and particularly with London. We are also concerned with tenants. So much harm has been done to London that at this point in time there is no solution for our housing problems. A solution will come (for traffic problems too) only with a gradual restoration of the balance between housing and place of work. It will never be achieved in a speculators' paradise; and to achieve it at all will take all the wisdom, concentration and determination of which we are capable.

London Diary

CRITIC

The banishment of Dr Reeves from South Africa may be something more than a particularly outrageous case of political persecution. The test will be whether the whole Anglican community inside and outside South Africa will now accept the view that *apartheid* is what Dr Reeves himself has called a 'heresy' – that is to say, a doctrine and a practice that must be actively resisted by all Christians. The Archbishop of Cape Town's decision that the special meeting of the World Council of Churches cannot be held in Johannesburg, or anywhere else in South Africa, is a powerful endorsement of Dr Reeves's contention.

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'Four hundred million adherents of the Catholic Church – that's the figure claimed by the Vatican – hold up to ransom the two thousand five hundred million non-Catholics in the world,' said a scientist returning from the British Association in Cardiff. That, he explained, was a summary of UN experience about birth control. Working through the US administration, which won't give any funds to any body which seeks 'the promotion of birth control', Rome has prevented the WHO and all other UN agencies from even investigating the biological processes of birth, far less the urgent problem of contraception. Headed by the US, with British compliance, the Catholic Church has vetoed every effort. The British Association happily, my friend remarked, is not similarly 'hogbound'. The Privy Council recently modified the rules under which the BA Council works, and charged it with 'the social and international relations of science'. This has enabled a committee to be set up consisting of Sir Alexander Fleck and a notable group of professors including P. M. S. Blackett, Dudley Stamp, D. V. Glass, H. D. Kay, G. C. Varley, T. Wilson, with Ritchie Calder bringing up the rear. It has a fairly free hand to promote research, spread information and link up with the FAO's 'Freedom from Hunger' campaign. Much basic work on the biology of reproduction still has to be done. The 'safe period' is a trap, and the oral pills, on which experiments are now being done, are far too expensive and a quite impracticable method for villagers in Africa or the East.

★ ★ ★

Even if the right method is discovered quickly, it is of course too late substantially to reduce the 4,000 million figure which statisticians declare world population will reach in 1980. So the problem of doubling the world's food supplies while spreading knowledge of birth control remains. But I find myself getting cross with these headlines about proving or disproving the prophecies of Malthus. It is famine here and now that concerns Malthusians. Malthus said that the standard of living was perpetually kept to a minimum by the pressure of population on food supplies. He has been proved wrong in that the size of families has been reduced in industrial countries when they have achieved a sudden leap forward in production. But for most of the world, it remains true that population is still kept down by famine and disease; the problem is intensified by the success of medicine in reducing the death rate. If we don't want these crude Malthusian checks, the alternative is voluntary regulation of families in undeveloped countries.

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Hungry people in India are not much interested in 1980, but they know that in their village there will be more food to eat if there are fewer mouths; and there will be a chance of a better life too if women who are now worn out at 30 can space their families and decide to leave off childbearing before they are too old for anything else. They are beginning – but very slowly - to do something about this. An increasing number of men and women of the peasant, as well as the educated, class in India come into hospitals in the big towns and ask to be sterilised after they have had four or five children. An increasing number, but still, of course, a statistically negligible number. In Japan they understand well; figures produced at the recent Israeli Conference on Science in the Advancement of the New States shows that the pre-war birth rate has actually been halved by government-sponsored birth control propaganda, including facilities for legalised abortion. I sometimes wonder how long Catholics, who are just as humane and intelligent as other people, will continue to preach a doctrine of Christian abstinence which has no meaning at all for the vast majority of mankind, when they know that they are actively promoting war, famine and misery, not to speak of abortion for the sake of a quite untenable and cruel dogma.

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Some highly successful lobbying was carried through at the TUC in the Isle of Man. Arnold Wesker's campaign, so powerfully sponsored in this journal a fortnight ago, resulted in a committee being accepted to promote trade union participation in the arts. It was passed in defiance of the platform, which still thought of 'art' in terms of classes on musical appreciation for the workers, instead of a movement to revive indigenous culture of this country. The successful lobbyists were Arnold Wesker himself and Bill Holdsworth, a design engineer and branch official of the Union of Engineering and Shipbuilding Draughtsmen. They had been thought pretty wild when they started talking about this 18 months ago. But with the help of Ralph Bond of the ACTT who moved their resolution with passion, they have now knocked at least a brick or two out of the wall of mental apathy that surrounds the Labour movement. They are now speaking up and down the country to trade unions, trades councils, and anyone else who will listen. They hope to introduce the idea of festivals, illustrating their ideas. From a campaign started over a coffee and with only the money they had in their pockets, they have not done badly.

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It was not the object of the CND Edinburgh-to-London campaign to get publicity in the London press. It was not a Barbara Moore stunt or a baby Aldermaston. A group of campaigners varying from 100 to 50 is making its way from Edinburgh (3 September) where such people as Kenneth Tynan, Bernard Kops and Penelope Gilliat joined in. It expects to reach London on 24 September after holding open-air discussions in streets and market places, as well as indoor meetings in cafes and pubs which they pass. They have had plenty of publicity in the local press and been listened to in the Scottish lowlands, where railway stations, garages and town halls have been opened so that they can eat and rest. In Kendal on market day a non-stop meeting continued throughout the afternoon and evening. In industrial Lancashire they received official welcomes from MPs and local Councillors. My guess is that this is a better form of propaganda than national headlines. In the long run, if the gospel is acceptable, preachers who make direct contacts often defeat Fleet Street blackouts. If that hadn't been true there would never have been a Labour Party.

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American tourists to this Continent are as numerous as ever this year, and a few of them, I'm afraid, produce some strange chauvinist reactions among European natives. A friend was changing money in a Paris bank the other day, and the young clerk was giving his views on de Gaulle's press conference the day before. 'Really, the general has no sense of proportion. The way he talks of *grandeur* one would think that France was bigger and stronger than America and Russia rolled into one!' At this point a US tourist came in, tossed three large German notes on the counter and then, with an awful clatter, emptied out of a large plastic bag a mountain of five and ten pfennig pieces. The French clerk said he'd change the notes, but not the coppers. The US citizen flew into a rage: 'Not *change* them? What d'ye expect me to do with them – EAT them?' The clerk then said as politely as possible: 'If *you* can't eat them, why do you expect *me* to eat them?' 'Frogs eat anything,' said the customer. 'But okay, I'll take the money somewhere else, and the notes too. Darned if your lousy bank is going to make anything out of me!' When he'd gone, the clerk said with a shrug: 'Master-race, eh? There's something to be said for de Gaulle after all'.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I object to being called British. Recently I was in such places as Singapore, Pakistan, and Macao, and if asked if I were British, I said No.

Any Tom, Dick, or Harry can come here, become naturalised, and call himself British.

Not long ago a man who said he was British was interviewed on the BBC and one could scarcely understand what he was saying. So when I am abroad and I am asked my nationality my answer is 'English.' – Letter in *Daily Express*. (D. Hart.)

Some long-service railwaymen, on retirement, are invited to public presentations, praised for their loyalty, and given a cheque for £5. Afterwards British Railways deduct the money from the men's pensions. – *Guardian*. (W. Jenkins.)

I must say we really enjoy all the commercials in our household, but I always get a tensed feeling in case anyone picks the wrong pile of washing in that detergent advertisement! – Letter in *TV Times*. (N. Holt.)

I hate cats, and my neighbour has a big black Persian. It sits on my door mat and looks so wickedly at me when I go out that I am quite afraid. Can I complain to the police? – Letter in *Glasgow Evening Times*. (Thomas S. Duncan.)

The policewoman said she asked the girl – before the court as being beyond parental control – to remove her sweater.

On one arm she saw tattoo marks and on the upper part of the girl's body, printed in ink, were the words, 'Mild' and 'Bitter.' – *News of the World*. (Pat Calman.)

The Campus Rebellion

E. J. HOBSBAWM

What has been happening in the American universities in the past six months is cheerful, extraordinary and very unexpected. As recently as May 1959 *The Nation* could introduce one of its special 'Campus Reports' with the observation that all the contributors took it for granted that 'the present generation – youth in college and just graduated – (is) . . . apathetic, silent, conformist, indifferent, confused'. No informed observer could repeat this statement today. Sometime early in 1960 the ice political which has covered student life in America began visibly to break up. The first break came on the question of militarism. Last autumn a University of California freshman went on a hunger-strike of protest against compulsory ROTC (officer training), supported by a petition of more than a thousand fellow-students. Shortly afterwards a poll at Los Angeles showed 70 per cent opposition to ROTC among students asked. The movement, which had simmered here and there for a long time (especially in the Midwest), leaped forward this year: compulsory ROTC has been abolished in Wisconsin State and Rutgers, appears to be on the verge of going in Ohio State, and just failed to go in Michigan State.

Early this year movement also began at two apparently very different points. In California the campaign for the abolition of the death penalty and the reprieve of Caryl Chessman mobilised unexpectedly large and passionate demonstrations in the colleges. Most of the demonstrators almost immediately went on to demonstrate about other matters, and notably about the single most important stimulant of student activity, the 'sit-ins'. When four Negro students began, quite spontaneously, to occupy the lunch-counters in Greensboro, North Carolina, on 1 February, they released an extraordinary explosion of pent-up student enthusiasm. What has happened among the Negroes is well known, though not perhaps quite well enough: some 60 southern cities have followed the example of Greensboro and the entire structure of the Negro fight for equality, hitherto dominated by a cautious and 'co-operative' ghetto middle class, has been revolutionised.

What is not so well-known is that virtually every northern state university and large-numbers of other colleges have thrown themselves with passion into the obvious form of sympathetic direct action, the picketing of northern branches of stores which segregated their lunch-counters in the South, notably Woolworths. How to help the 'sit-ins' (and the analogous forms of non-violent demonstrations planned by the Negro students – 'wade-ins' on segregated beaches, 'sit-ins' in polling stations next November, etc. – is probably the problem which at present stimulates student activity most.

The third phase of this activity began in May, and is so far largely confined to California. It is also, because of its explosive character, by far the most significant. Early in May the House Un-American Committee planned to hold a series of hearings in San Francisco, presumably in order to frighten the citizens of that persistently heterodox city out of the undesirable ways. Among those subpoenaed was a suspected student Communist from Berkeley. Students – mostly from Berkeley and San Francisco State – attempted to pack the auditorium of the hearings, but were excluded, while 'friendly' spectators, with passes issued by the Committee, went in. Some 200 stayed outside the hall singing, chanting, and applauding fellow-students who were periodically ejected. That noon the San Francisco State students organised a protest rally of about a thousand. The next day – 13 May – the police refused to admit more than 15 people to the auditorium. When the student demonstrations outside the door got out of hand, they lost their heads and turned firehoses and clubs on to them. On the final day of the un-American Hearings between four and five thousand students, faced by 175 cops, demonstrated outside the City Hall. Sixty-eight were arrested.

To the honour of San Francisco it ought to be said that the city lived up to its reputation. The Mayor's reaction was to ask the un-American Committee not to use a municipal building next time they came to town. The judge discharged all but one of the students absolutely. The students, elated by the proof of their political effectiveness, have thrown themselves with even greater zeal into their various forms of direct action. However, the most significant result of the un-American Demonstrations has been an all-California Conference on student political action, attended by some 140 youngsters from about ten California campuses and observers from the same number of eastern and midwestern ones.

My first impression of this was one of unplanned spontaneity. Each college had its own independent ginger-group – sometimes 'campus political parties' like SLATE of Berkeley, SCOPE of San Francisco State or TASC of San José (the initials normally hide unmanageable but high-sounding titles), sometimes inter-campus, as in Los Angeles, sometimes special campaign bodies like the American Civil Liberties campus groups in Southern California, SANE (the anti-nuclear group) or CORE (the Congress for Racial Equality) in the East.

The second impression is that of generations. About half of the participants were obviously the children of old Radicals, unionists, leftists, Wallaceites, etc., brought up in the atmosphere of the Thirties, though in several cases out of sympathy with their parents or out of activity in the 'silent Fifties' until they found a place again in the new movement. The other half were new, and therefore more significant; though mostly from Democratic rather than Republican families. They were startlingly like the British *Universities and Left Review* public. The 'affluent society' is their real enemy, its immorality the force which pushes them into the need to demonstrate for 'what is right', against 'what is wrong', irrespective of calculations of expediency, just as the bankruptcy of the former Left and the sterility of the two parties drives them into a marked distrust of 'politics'. As in Britain, the natural scientists and technologists were scarcer among them than the social scientists and arts people. The discovery that action – especially direct action – can be undertaken, and can work – has come to them with immense, liberating force.

The third impression is of the healing of old wounds. 'How do you tell a Stalinist from anyone else?' said a bearded Berkeley anti-authoritarian jazz-critic to a survivor of the Thirties, who asked him whether they had a Stalinist problem. (Beards, by the way, were rare; though many of the students talk or understand the ironic jazz- and show-business tinged idiom which is the modern teenager's inheritance, these were distinctly non-beat types.) The vendettas of the left, which still tear the older generation of intellectuals, might as well not have existed. The only relic of MacCarthyism was a certain reluctance – especially when referring to parents – to use the word Communist. It is not improbable that there was a Communist or two present, especially from Southern California, where the movement, not yet as strong as in the North, still relies largely on the stage army of the good; though none of the student speakers or organisers sounded like one.

Where are these kids going? Since they have only just begun to move, it is perhaps too early to say, just as, at the present stage, it would be unfair to lay too much stress on their obvious intellectual and political immaturities, confusions and deficiencies. But their movement has already done one great thing. It has produced boys like the one who explained his political evolution (paper-backs, Martin Luther King, sit-ins): 'So I made up my mind', he said. 'I said screw the future. If that's the future, I don't want any part of it. So I'm not going to worry about being fired from the job and a career and all that. I'm going out and doing something'. It is a long time since such words have been heard among the future corporation vice-presidents on the campuses of the affluent and conformist society.

Innocent in Titoland

W. JOHN MORGAN

Every half-hour or so there would be a great explosion on the new coast road above Dubrovnik. Puffs of dust would rise, like cannons firing in a Balkan war. Less infrequently the 37 young Yugoslavs gathered around us on the pebbled beach, all on holiday from Belgrade, would hawk noisily and spit. One dark girl wearing eight watches on her arm spat with a strength I've only seen matched by an old anthracite miner. At the Adriatic's edge sat the jolly Germans, all wearing rubber shoes for the pebbles. They had obviously been here before.

One, giant of a man, dug a pit in the pebbles for his wife to bury her cherry-stones. She, a giant of a woman, ate cherries steadily for an hour with that same concentration which has made their shipyards the envy of the world, and so on. She must have eaten four pounds. A handsome young woman changed her bathing costume three times in three hours. Her husband, who was in no position to talk, patted her thighs and shoulders and made jokes about her putting on weight. Now and then they would eat chicken and drink hock from a hamper. They all glowed with the good life.

The real nuisance the Germans create abroad is that, by being everywhere, they make it impossible to stop thinking about them. Minutes may pass in which you may swim, or speculate patronisingly about how much the Balkan road-makers must love being licensed detonators, bomb-happily scrambling back up the mountain after each

explosion, white with dust, slapping each other on the back and laughing wildly. You may sit and exclaim on the beauties of Dubrovnik and think of the Turks slinking away, defeated yet again by those white walls. But always, at the water's edge, with the lushest kit, were the Germans.

At Rijeka, at the harbour's edge, a small German child had danced delightedly, shouting: 'You must wait'. The gangplank wasn't being lowered for another five minutes and we hadn't booked and were very hot and loaded with luggage. 'You must wait', the child's father had said, more amiably. When the gangplank was lowered we walked aboard: they waited until commanded by a ship's officer.

At dawn one day in Dubrovnik a more elderly German had said, with an inexplicable delight: 'You must wait'. The bus to Montenegro was late, but any irritation this may have caused him was lost in his pleasure at our having to wait. Is this a phrase the control commission burned into the German soul? That same German asked a Yugoslav girl on a mountain above Cetinje to translate for him the text of a plaque which commemorated the murder of partisans in 1943. He showed interest and thanked her politely, unaware of the embarrassment of non-Germans present. But the reason why the girl answered him at all, or didn't tell him to get stuffed, is itself a sign of how seriously the Yugoslavs are taking the tourist traffic. On the coast they largely live now off the tourists and there are more German tourists than any others. In Montenegro, she explained, it was different. There they didn't care about tourists. Their commercial instinct is less strong. What they care about is politics.

I met Yugoslavs, living in Slovenia or in Dubrovnik, who believe, in their more paranoid moments, that they pay taxes solely to preserve this Montenegran interest in politics. The wheels of industry grind in Zagreb and Belgrade and the grapes are pressed in Ljubljana just so that these handsome people in the bare mountains may cultivate their minds. A trip to Cetinje, the old capital, might disabuse them.

It has a Connemara air, the children barefoot, the old women in black hitting helplessly at mules along the broad, decaying avenues. Plots of land no wider than a garden path are painstakingly cultivated. The men and women are still startlingly handsome, many of the men still wearing moustaches like their fathers and grandfathers who stare down, so warlike and proud, from the pictures in King Nikolai's palace. The flowers children offer for sale on that fabulous road 4,000 feet above Kotor look as if they withered in the soil. Or, at least, if the trip wouldn't disabuse the disgruntled tax-payer, it would make him more sympathetic. Politics would seem a small consolation.

By one of those coincidences which uneasily suggest a guiding hand at work, the only book I had with me on this excursion into the mountains was Tolstoy's *The Cossacks*, a peculiarly appropriate text for the kind of thinking Montenegro inevitably inspires. Here, as in Tolstoy, was the spectacular vista at dawn of strange territory. Here was the primitive society and the life of brave, natural man. Far away, also, were the confusions and disappointments of the new society.

The thesis is always a beguiling one and Tolstoy's reluctant conclusion is final: his young officer among the Cossacks could neither make himself understood nor win the girl from her heroic man; the rogue hunter, the natural man, drank the stranger's drink and cared not at all for him. But even granting the truth of this it is still impossible to return from these mountains, or even from Dubrovnik to Venice, shall we say, without regret. To see again, in Venice, the shop windows of the last outpost of the consumer society makes you think at least once. Even the architecture appears briefly over-ornate after the white stone of Dalmatia. Which is no way to think at all. Certainly the people of Dubrovnik, and even those of Cetinje, wouldn't thank you for the comparison.

A Yugoslav friend had produced from a drawer full of such dream-literature a leaflet advertising a German refrigerator and read the detail adoringly. To buy it would take six months' wages, and before tax at that. A typewriter that costs £39 here costs £100 there. The women's shoes are primitive compared with Venetian styles and the girls want Italian shoes and, some of them, have managed to get hold of them. It is easy to equate an admiration for Tito with a fondness for English or Italian suits. Admiration for the nobility of the primitive is taken as an insult. Still, the *slivovic* and the cognac is still tenpence a glass and the cigarettes less than a shilling for 20 – and a taste for all three is easily come by: you just persist.

But the beguiling thesis has this argument in support: the absence of advertising in Yugloslavia. One day away from the neon-lights and the hoardings is like a month in the country, though not much country these days, eh? Yet, oddly enough, the absence of advertising, this beneficent purism, may deprive the visitor to Dubrovnik of perhaps the best testimony to the seriousness of the Yugloslav tourist drive.

'Visit our new trade union restaurant', the man in the tourist office had said. But, you know how it is, nurtured among welfare halls and railwaymen's clubs and being on holiday and so on, and anyway, we couldn't find it could we? It is, in fact, a most opulent building, occupying a reclaimed palace inside the old town. Its floors and columns are marble, its stone, white. There's an open-air cinema, an indoor cinema, a concert hall, a library, a big bar and, of course, this restaurant where you eat to the sound of films. The service, as in most Yugloslav hotels, is efficient and gracious almost to the point of comedy, largely because the waiters are students at waiters' schools, and this is their practical class.

'Cheers', I said to a man in the bar. 'Goodbye', he replied and took us to the nightclub, the *Labarint*, which is open to the skies and very smart. It was a disastrous night. The fan dancer came on to a roll of drums, cavorted a little and looked around for her partner. He refused to appear and she went off sulking. At which there was a violent thunderstorm, the black sky torn with fork lightning. Running out through the rain we were frightened by an old man with a donkey and cart who stopped where we sheltered beneath the effigy of a man of God bearing the town in his hands. He was offering a lift, but had only one eye and the thunder was exploding.

Not that night clubs are necessary. You could sit in a large café at the edge of the sea and listen to the local music and an excellent tenor who sang *Visegrade Grade* every evening around about 11.30. (It's a Bosnian song about this place where this young man's girl lives and about how the nightingale, a feature of the place, no longer sings for him.) No one used to applaud, except us, which made us favourites there.

Or again you could go and hear traditional jazz in another garden and watch the young men try and pick up girls, except that they were young men in their early thirties. The exercise involved dancing with the girls without getting trapped into buying them drinks and, as ever, involved settling on one in the crucial half-hour before closing time. Of the five men at our table only one could really claim to have succeeded and his friends, turning their disappointment to advantage, trailed him and the girl down the street shouting what they took to be devastating witticisms. It is, as they say, one world, except that some parts of it have more sun than others.

THE ARTS

Massine the Choreographer

ANNABEL FARJEON

Leonide Massine made his first impression on Europe as a choreographer in 1917, when he produced *Les Femmes de Bonne Humeur* for the Ballets Russes. For 43 years now he has gone on impressing us with his artistry, and even if the new company and the new ballet he has brought to Edinburgh for the Festival are not the best, it is an occasion of hope, because they have been created by a genius whose energy has not yet died down.

Massine was trained in the Imperial School of Moscow both as a dancer and as an actor. In fact his leaning toward drama was only diverted by Diaghilev who, in 1913, went back to Russia in search of new dancers for his company. With the extraordinary foresight that realised so many of his triumphs, Diaghilev saw in him a possible successor to Nijinsky, with whom he had just quarrelled and dismissed on account of his marriage. Massine, at that time 'not up to much as a dancer' according to his impresario, was immediately taken in hand and educated. 'It is not for me to write of the "golden cage" in which Massine was to spend the next seven years of his life,' Serge Lifar writes. The young man's artistic tastes and ideas were certainly transformed. He was taught by the best available teachers, taken to museums and concerts, given modern pictures, and generally educated in Western culture. For seven years he was sole ballet master of Diaghilev's company, and in this time created some of his most fascinating ballets, including *La Boutique Fantasque, Le Sacre du Printemps* and *The Three-Cornered Hat*. His second period of creative energy came in the Thirties, working for the de Basil company. *Jeux d'Enfants, Le Beau Danube, La Scuola di Ballo* and *Gaieté Parisienne* were among his lighter works. But he also initiated the symphonic ballets, experiments on a grand scale which, if never quite satisfactory, were filled with miraculous patches and certainly enlarged the scope of choreography.

Speaking of his method of working in a way that explains to some degree his interest in abstract dancing and his desire to match movement more and more closely with music, Massine says,

> I regard solo dances as melodies written for a solo instrument; just as group dances correspond to a piece orchestrated for a number of instruments. And, just as an orchestration should contain colour and contrast, so do I seek to invest my group and mass dances with similar qualities.

Television for schools

1960 Autumn Term. September 19th to December 9th

School programmes for the Autumn Term, produced by Associated-Rediffusion and approved by the Educational Advisory Council, include further programmes based on successful series, and the following innovations: an increase in the number of weekly programmes from four to six, with a repeat of each; variations in the length of programmes to suit the needs of different age-ranges and subjects; the introduction of new subjects.

These programmes, based on over three years' experience of school television, are intended to supplement the teacher's own work by using the resources of television to arouse the children's interest and show them aspects of school subjects which cannot be easily shown in the classroom. Teachers' Notes are supplied to over 1,000 registered schools to help with preparation and follow-up.

Autumn Term programme series are:—

CHEZ LES DUPRÉ. *Elementary French. 2nd or 3rd year of study.* These programmes, which are entirely in French, will provide opportunities for children to hear the language simply but correctly spoken in everyday situations by native French speakers. Each programme concerns the life of an imaginary French doctor's family in a small French town specially filmed for the series.

BRITISH ISLES. *Geography. Age-range 12-14.* Some of the principal geographical features of these islands will be illustrated. Most areas will be covered by two complementary programmes: one of which will be specially filmed in the area concerned. The four programmes on Scotland will be produced by Scottish Television.

THE STORY OF MEDICINE. *Science. Age-range about 14.* This series will trace the development of medical knowledge from earliest times to the present day, and outline the frontiers of future medical research. It will include historical reconstructions and an introduction to scientific method, and will show the relationships between medicine and positive health.

BOOKS TO ENJOY. *English. Age-range about 12.* The successful Spring Term series is being continued with more books introduced in the same way. Books of merit, the majority by contemporary authors, have been selected. The aim is to encourage children who are not accustomed to read for pleasure, to use libraries and to derive enjoyment from books.

THE WORLD AROUND US. *For Primary and Secondary Schools. Age-range about 10.* Science programmes involving children in observing and recording the forces of nature both in and out of doors, will alternate with programmes showing how animals adapt themselves to their natural surroundings. The final programme will describe and show film of Sir John Hunt's North-East Greenland Expedition.

THE FARMING YEAR. *For Primary and Secondary Schools. Age-range 9-14.* This series is planned to be of equal interest for extending Rural Studies in country schools and giving town children an insight into farming activities and the country way of life.

These programmes are available in the areas served by Associated-Rediffusion (London), ATV (Midlands), STV (Scotland), TWW (South Wales and the West of England), Southern Television, TTT (North East), Anglia Television (East Anglia), and Ulster Television (Northern Ireland).

Fuller information about these and other 1960/61 programmes may be obtained from the Schools Information Office:—

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

London's Television

Television House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Telephone: HOLborn 7888.

Of the actual composition he explains that he does not work out scenes and dances before he begins rehearsal, 'but I generally visualise them in my mind and form just a hazy outline of them, somewhat like the outline of houses seen through a London fog'. Arnold Haskell has described him using dancers as so many tubes of paint. 'If the paint should happen to run on the canvas in a slightly different manner than planned, so long as it is effective it can remain.'

Yet it is with his less earnest ballets that Massine has always produced more perfect works of art. The critic André Levinson saw many years ago that what characterised Massine was his 'ironic approach to classicism'. He understands and appreciates formality, but there is a marvellous lurking humour in his expression of it. Till now he has always been adroit and robust, never effete or lacking in direction.

Although this new company, Ballets Européens de Nervi, does not realise our hopes, it is not dull: it is lively and undisciplined. The dancers are excellent, though they need a period of ferocious rehearsal to put them in order. It was unwise of Massine to have begun his tour in this dishevelled condition, for the first programme of entirely prewar ballets, *Schéhérazade*, *Choreartium* and *Le Beau Danube*, needed at least to match the memory of old productions, seeing that not one of them is in itself a masterpiece. The dancers are alive, in the way that those working under Russian tuition generally seem to be. They have the long, fulfilled gestures of girls and boys who have been taught to dance, and not just do steps. In *Choreartium* there were moments when the movement seemed to flood out with the same fearlessness as Brahms's symphony. But then the effects would disintegrate into a confusion of ill-kept lines, till the stage looked like a football field. The new décor and costumes were terrible, flaccid and washed out. This cannot be said of *Schéhérazade*, whose vast oriental curtains seemed fresh and aromatic. Tatiana Massine, the choreographer's daughter, marvellously young and beautiful, was a most capable Zobeide, though her sulks with her unresponsive husband were more becoming than her voluptuousness with her unresponsive lover.

But the interest in this visit – the anticipated interest – was Massine's new ballet, *La Commedia Umana*, which was staged five months ago for the Nervi festival in Italy. This long, three-act compendium of Boccaccio stories turned out to be one of the most ghastly muddles a choreographer of high standing has ever produced in my experience. Complicated plots are not suitable for ballet. The story should be self-explanatory, with no necessity for reference to the programme to make out what is happening.

There were only two scenes in the evening when I knew exactly what was happening, although I had read the synopsis. One was when a country bumpkin, who had picked up a whore and become ill in her bedroom, rushes to the lavatory and falls through into a grave. The second, and by far the best, was the tale of a lady who, being caught too soon with her lover, cunningly gets her husband to clean out a dirty barrel and, while she leans over the top urging him on, allows the young gallant to make love to her, literally. This story was danced with Breughel-like charm and vulgarity by Vjera Markovic, Ivan Dragadze and Enrico Sportiello. For the rest the stage was so muddled and cluttered by figures and scenery, more or less in the right place but never quite, and the choreography was so uninventive that I was at the same time astonished and bored. There appeared to be enough décor and costumes for 17 ballets. In fact Alfred Manessier, the designer, achieved some exquisite effects, pink and orange, white and green, the bits of houses, pots and trees decoratively arranged; only there was never a moment's peace to appreciate them. The fourteenth-century music, elaborated by Claude Arrieu, was too repetitive, though there were radiant patches, like the sun shining on water through clouds. But, altogether, the spluttering havoc of this ballet was so unexpected and so disappointing that I came out of the Empire theatre in quite a temper.

Bomberg and Whistler

DAVID SYLVESTER

Estimates of David Bomberg formed at the time of the Arts Council memorial exhibition two years ago might well have been rather excessively enthusiastic, an over-compensation for previous neglect: it is likely that responses were heightened by the excitement of discovery and also by a wish to make reparation. The exhibition at the Herbert Art Gallery, Coventry (till 24 September) presents an opportunity to arrive at a more sober assessment. After the Arts Council show, I for my part felt that Bomberg was the finest British painter of this century next to Sickert or perhaps along with Sickert. After the present show (and the recent Sickert exhibition at the Tate), I feel no other modern British painter is in the same class as Bomberg.

His landscapes and flower-pieces of the Forties and Fifties are the only British paintings of our time which seem to me the expression of a whole man, with all his faculties working in harmony and working at full pressure. Eye, intelligence and feeling are one, and completely at one with the hand. All that these paintings have to say is said by the paint, and there is no inflexion of the paint that does not say something.

They are paintings filled with awe before the mystery and massiveness of nature, but not a vague, generalised awe to be poured over the subject like a sauce: it is Wordsworthian in its relevance to what is there; it's a response, not a prejudice. The turbulent rhythm of *Rock Fortress, Cyprus* hasn't been imposed from outside: the violence of the rock in the foreground is its own violence; if we make to draw back it is not because the artist is shouting his message in our face about how terrible and brutal nature is, but because the rock itself seems to be rearing up to strike us.

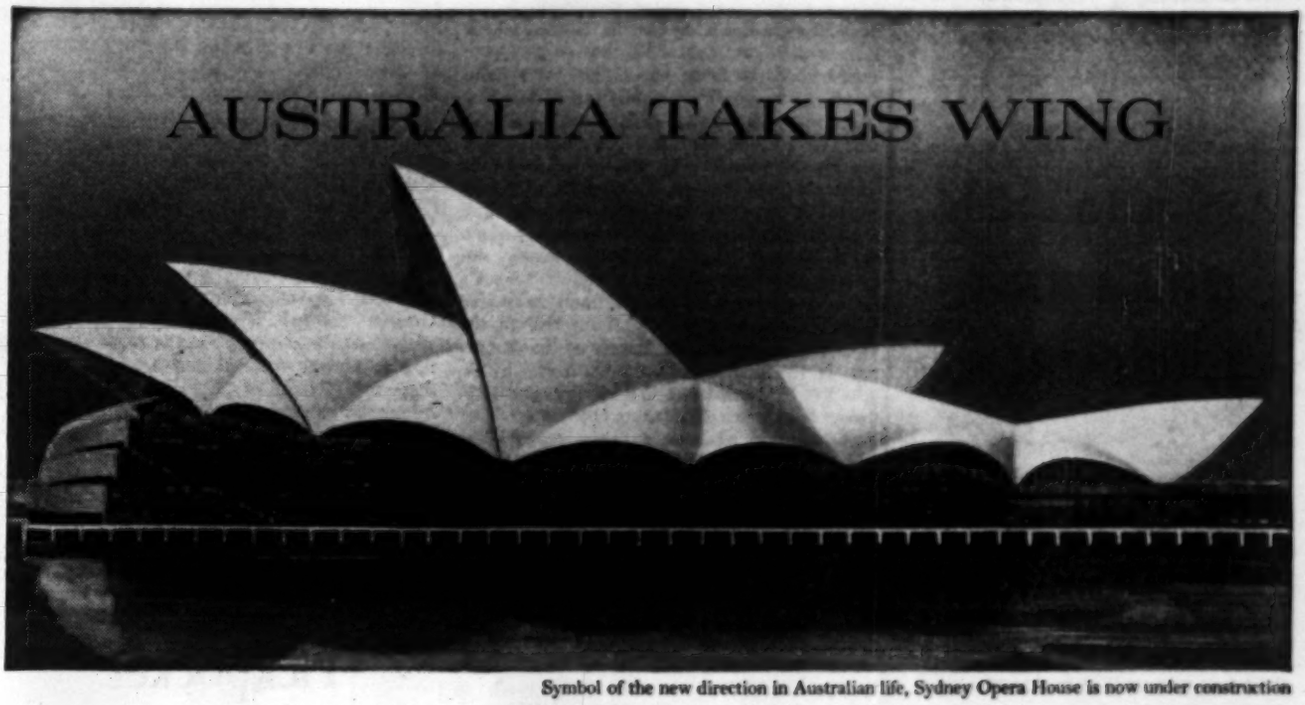
Mountainous forms pulsate as if they lived and breathed and reacted to changes of weather and light. This sense of flux is reconcilable with the firm, dense structure which Bomberg gives his forms because the structure is not conceived as some immutable essence fixed once and for all. The structure is not presented pat, it unravels as we look at the painting, and we re-live the process of discovering it, for the painting is not a painting of a structure, it is a painting of the discovering of a structure. The long strokes of paint dragged across the canvas are like explorations of the form, literally explorations, as if the painter looking at his motif felt he was feeling his way over the landscape with hands and feet and knees – here making a laboured jagged climb over a sheer rock face, there zooming down into a valley with the slope in control of his limbs. And this knowledge of the landscape is so physical, so intimate, so sustained, that it is as if the painter, and now ourselves, had gone beyond being in the landscape and had become the landscape. The mood and tempo of these landscapes overwhelm us as they do because the mood is under our skin, the tempo in our muscles. We scarcely know if we are facing the landscape or facing outwards from it.

The first major exhibition of Whistler held anywhere for more than 50 years is now having its London showing, till 24 September, at the Arts Council Gallery. The look of the face in the self-portrait reproduced on the poster is curiously reminiscent of Mark Twain's, and what a profoundly American artist Whistler is! There is the longing for Art, yet with it an unwillingness to accept any facile surface beauty. The beauty has to be in the design, not in the texture: isn't this what American architecture is about, from Colonial times to our own? Whistler's paint-surfaces have none of the sensuous charm of Manet's or Courbet's or Boudin's or Renoir's, are neither glittering nor caressing: they are exquisite, but in a strangely austere deadpan way; they are like the surface of a Stuart Davis or a Motherwell or a Kline. This puritanism in the handling reflects a characteristically American reluctance to allow the senses to luxuriate in the flavour and feel of material things. And everything in Whistler's art conspires not to take hold of reality but to create a filter through which to contemplate it. It is the detachment of the romantic who fears that too intimate a contact must end in disappointment. I suspect that the way to an understanding of Whistler is not through his French or English contemporaries but through Eakins and Ryder.

Gramophone Records

DAVID DREW

Looking back over the past six months, before the onset of the autumn floods of new records, one is justifiably impressed by the number of recordings of complete operas. At the head of the list must come Sir Thomas Beecham's *Carmen* (HMV ALP 1762-4, and ASD 331-3). With Victoria de los Angeles and Nicolai Gedda in the leading roles, its virtues were predictable, and no one can have been disappointed. De los Angeles's Habañera is perhaps rather restrained, seems to lack a certain air of latent menace: her treatment of the recurrent cadential tritone is not quite convincing, either musically or dramatically. But the performance gathers weight, and when the crucial card-scene is reached, the voice becomes truly an instrument of fate, a symbol. Gedda is all that one could wish for in Don José. With two principal singers of this order, it is very pleasant also to be for once in a position to commend the Micaela. Part of the credit must, of course, go to Sir Thomas; but in the last resort it is Janine Micheau whom we have to thank. Her performance gives this edge-of-the-precipice role just the element of firmness it requires. The ensemble singing, the playing of the orchestra (listen to those flutes in the Act II Gypsy-Song) and above all Sir Thomas's wonderful sympathy for both lightness and violence make this a performance to be treasured.



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If the Sydney Opera House symbolizes the new direction of living, other monuments now shooting up mark the pulsating economic prosperity which makes this richer life possible—skyscrapers in the cities, new steelworks and, perhaps greatest of all, the huge dams in the Snowy Mountains scheme, bringing the power which is vital to all development.

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The second series of annual Lectures, organised by the British Association for the Advancement of Science and Granada TV Network, will be given as last year in the Guildhall, London. Dates: Tuesday, September 27, Wednesday, October 5, and Tuesday, October 11.
The annual theme of the Granada Lectures is '*Communication in the Modern World*'. This year's subjects and speakers will be:

September 27: Dr. George W. Beadle, Professor of Biology, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena. His lecture will be concerned with communication in terms of heredity and the crucial significance of new knowledge in this field of research.

October 5: Dr. H. J. Eysenck, Professor of Psychology, University of London, will lecture on emotion and unreason in modern society in relation to neuroses, crime, brain-washing and politics.

October 11: Lord Adrian, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, will lecture on the human internal communication system and the complex relationship between brain and body.

For tickets and information write to the Lecture Organiser,

GRANADA TV NETWORK

Golden Square, London W1

HMV's *Der Freischutz* (ALP 1752-4, or ASD 319-321), equally finely produced with an equally admirable accompanying libretto-booklet, may not make such a brilliant impression as the *Carmen* recording, but is nonetheless a fine achievement. Almost all the spoken dialogue is included, but so well produced that even those who do not understand German will derive pleasure from it, aided by the line-by-line translation in the booklet. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Joseph Keilberth play superbly, and the atmosphere of this most universal of 'local' operas is conveyed with great sensitivity and without any striving for superficial effect. Karl Kohn's Kaspar is unfortunately not quite up to the standard of Rudolf Schock's Max at its best, but in the finely produced scene in the Wolf's Glen, both rise to the occasion. An admirable feature of the recording is the fine casting of the lesser roles. Gottlob Frick makes a fine Hermit, and Hermann Prey is outstanding as Ottokar.

A question of casting raises perhaps the chief doubt about RCA's recording of Verdi's *Macbeth* (RE 25006-8, or SER 4505-7). Leonie Rysanek is a distinguished singer, but she seems hardly suited to the part of Lady Macbeth. As early as the first duet scene with Macbeth she tends to over-stress, to the extent of permitting a sturdy forte where Verdi marks, and the sense indicates, a molto pianissimo. Carlo Bergonzi, as Macduff, is sometimes guilty of the same fault. Nonetheless, the recording has much to recommend it, notably Leonard Warren's Macbeth and the admirably pointed conducting of Erich Leinsdorf. The score contains some of the most inventively rhythmic music Verdi ever wrote, and Leinsdorf shows himself to be very much alive to it.

In the strongest possible contrast to these complete opera recordings is the album with which Columbia chose to celebrate the 75th birthday of Otto Klemperer (33CX1698-9, or SAX 2347-8). These two records most luxuriously present the Philharmonia Orchestra under Klemperer in orchestral excerpts (if Overtures and Preludes can be called that) from Wagner's operas. It was a very fine idea to celebrate a side of Klemperer that is not generally appreciated, and there is not one of the nine items which fails to convey something – not all, for obvious structural reasons – of his stature as a Wagner conductor. But the total impression is inevitably frustrating, and in more than one individual case it is frustrating in precisely the way that Tovey analysed in his famous essay on 'Wagner in the Concert-Room'. Indeed, a prospective purchaser would be well advised to read that astringent essay before the sumptuous literature accompanying the records.

Finally, a selection of irreconcilably miscellaneous records. Sir Thomas Beecham's Delius record (ALP1697) has just been issued in a stereophonic version (ASD329). The earliest work on the record, the *Florida Suite* is uncharacteristic enough to stand a chance of pleasing Delius-haters. The first movement contains an earlier and less successful version of 'La Calinda', and the fourth movement has a very charming tune. The other two works, the second Dance Rhapsody and 'Over the Hills and Far Away' are strictly for Delius enthusiasts. A similar compilation of works by a not dissimilar but much greater composer, Debussy, is available on Philips ABL 3324. This contains adequate performances by the Concertgebouw Orchestra under Van Beinum of *La Mer*, the *Trois Nocturnes*, and two excellent but little-known pieces, the *Berceuse Héroique* and the *Marche Ecossaise*. A worthwhile Hindemith record, made by the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra under Szymon Goldberg (A 00356 L) contains 'The Four Temperaments', the Five Pieces Op.44 No. 4, and the very beautiful Funeral Music for viola and strings. Antal Dorati's recording of the complete *Firebird* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Mercury MMA 11089) is one of the finest recordings of ballet music I have ever heard, and devotees of the *Firebird* suites would find that the complete score is even more worth their attention. Lastly, another Mercury record (MMA 11094 or AMS 16043) which is worth obtaining in order to hear a work which occupies only a quarter of the playing time (the remaining three quarters being rather unhappily filled by Gordon Jacobs's *William Byrd Suite* and Walton's *Crown Imperial*). The work in question is Holst's *Prelude and Scherzo, Hammersmith*. To my mind, this is a more distinguished example of Holst's late style than the much propagandised *Egdon Heath*. The invention is not of a consistently high order, but the expressive drama of the work is very remarkable. Holst was even more painfully alone in the music of Hammersmith than in that of the Heath, and the external exuberance of counterpoint emphasises rather than disguises the fact.

Pickpocket

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

One of the experiences of film-going is the arrival, every two years or so, of a new film by Robert Bresson, distinct, emotionally involved, calm in its reliance on style and spiritual stress. *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne*, *Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne* and *Un Homme Condamné à Mort s'est Echappé* have almost earmarked a style; the sequence of images imposes a ritual, non-actors will reveal a new preoccupation, episodes are rounded with classical music, the world breaks in on inner silence with footsteps along a corridor, the key turning in the lock. Aren't we in danger of succumbing to the idea of 'a Bresson film'? We? I'm afraid his most recent film at the Paris-Pullman, *Pickpocket*, shows that *he* has already made that slip, so tempting to an original mind, of making a habit of wilfulness.

'Written and directed by': this is the first time he has attempted everything himself. But in fact he has taken his story from *Crime and Punishment*, and reduced it to a shadow: his pickpocket hero sits on that bed concealing evidence instead of lying on it in a fever; no one hisses 'Murderer!' over his shoulder, but a victim says curtly, 'Give me back my pocket book'; his Sonia is pure as a lily. Not only has Dostoevsky been whittled away, but no new idea has been imported. This is literary theft of the least excusable kind, with most of the swag dropped on the way. The fiddler with pockets is Bresson himself.

The result is a minor anecdote of a guilt-stricken young man who must take to pick-pocketing for no ostensible reason, act (or underact) the *âme damnée* in café and Métro and at the races, play at cat and mouse with the police, get the punishment he longs for, and resolves all with a first kiss through the wires. It hangs in the void; it explores nowhere; it assumes profundities never realised. So, obsessive guilt overhangs the least comings and goings of this sufferer, and

one never knows why. It wouldn't be true to say one never cares; because even here stylisation, the grave progress of imagery, Lully's music, the ritual sleight of hand with pocket books, the stranger or street breaking in on dumb misery, work a spell. The concealed sin can only be homosexuality; and this gives the secret Métro accostings a curious intensity. Only to this extent can *Pickpocket* be regarded as an advance: in all other respects, masterly in manner, it fatally lacks substance. But I wouldn't discourage any admirer of Bresson from seeing *Pickpocket*. Even 'a Bresson film' – which I feel this to be – is set apart from anything else we are likely to encounter in a cinema.

Jazz on a Summer's Day (Cameo-Poly) takes a startlingly fresh eye and ear to the annual jazz festival at Newport, Rhode Island. Much of the best jazz to be heard today will be found in its 85 minutes, and its zest is tracked out among the crowds, the invaded resort, the yacht racing off the quay. Bert Stern, who comes to the documentary from commercial advertising, has a remarkable gift for catching humanity on the raw; without comment he brings close hundreds of individuals in give-away moments; his agile portraits of Chico Hamilton, Louis Armstrong and others are brilliant; he's not afraid to hold a performer with a distinctive body-play for minutes at a stretch. Dazzlingly shot and cut, rich in colour and caricature, this film is a triumph for the live camera.

Chunks of Life

JEREMY BROOKS

Shelagh Delaney's eagerly-awaited second play, *The Lion in Love* (Belgrade, Coventry) is an example of what happens to a youthful talent when the wolves come sniffing, with contracts, promises, round Red Riding Hood's little basket of success. A lot of care, thought and money has gone into the production of this play – but where's the play? Miss Delaney's gift for vivid, salty backstreets dialogue has us feeling, by the middle of the first act: Yes, this is it, this is the genuine raw meat of living and wondering excitedly what she is going to do with it. But by the middle of the second act it has already become sadly apparent that she is going to do nothing with it at all, beyond laying it out mutely for our inspection. Completely formless, almost completely plotless, the solitary message of this rough-hewn slice of life seems to be summed up in the final curtain line. The hard-working, disillusioned mother of Miss Delaney's North Country slum family, having stoically watched her ex-bruiser son leave for Australia and the easy lolly, her nubile daughter for London and love, her feeble husband for another woman, cries bitterly to the roof-tops: 'Eh, Life's a beggar, isn't it?'

Well, yes, so it is, but there are surely more things than that to be said about it. Certainly this is life as it is lived by certain people in a certain environment, truly, even touchingly presented; certainly there are splendid moments, such as the bed-time story which Peg, beautifully realised by Patsy Healey, tells her grandfather (Howard Goorney, looking as if he had strayed out of *The Hostage* but remembered to change his accent), or the delightful proposal scene between Peg and her boy; certainly the characters are lovingly observed, the community life genuinely – if

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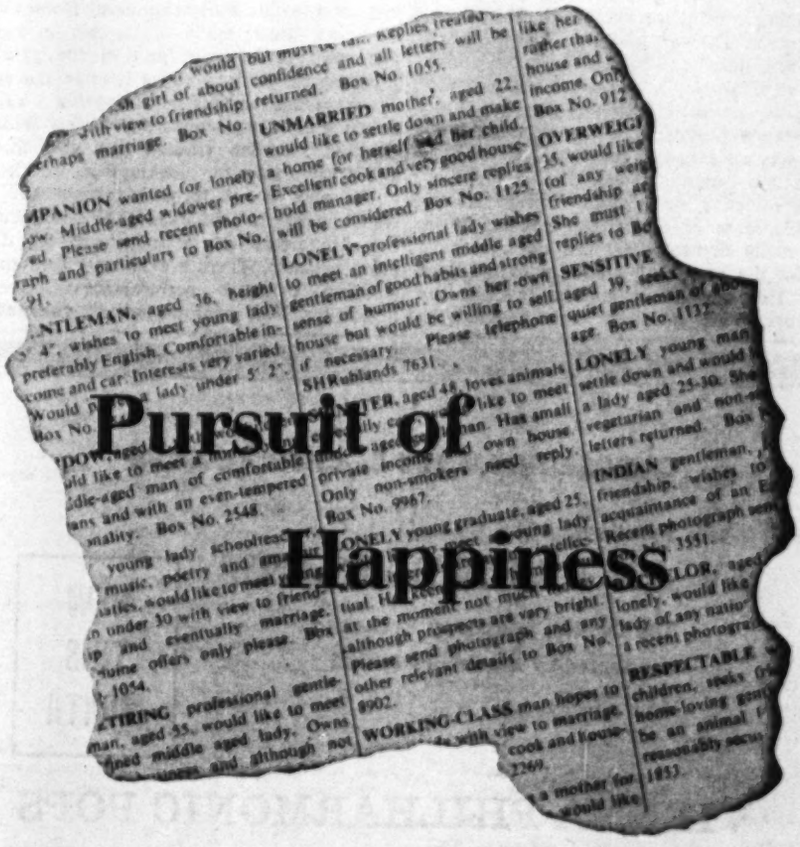

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a little obviously – suggested. But the dramatic experience, the thing we go to the theatre *for*, is not life in the raw – we can experience that for ourselves – but life given a tangible form by art, so that action and meaning have miraculously become one. Miss Delaney has intelligence and a quick eye for the horrid truth; but if she is to write a play which one can remember for more than five minutes after leaving the theatre, she is going to have to resist the temptations of the entertainment market and, if it takes five years of her young life, find out for herself what this mysterious thing called dramatic form really is.

A similar failure mars *Billy Liar* (Cambridge Theatre), an adaptation of Keith Waterhouse's novel, by the author and Willis Hall. Here the standard is much higher and the failure correspondingly more disappointing. This is a study of a compulsive liar, a youth – again of the north country, but more Amis than Delaney – who lives in a fantasy world, which he acts out at home and at work: getting engaged to three girls at once, telling lies about his background, his friends, his prospects. Living his lies, he is the slave of them, and finally the prisoner of his own inventions. The part of Billy is the play, and it is brilliantly filled by Albert Finney, whose gauche, lumbering frame speaks volumes with every movement. Like *H itcock's Half-Hour*, the play is funny, exact, and often penetrating – as an extended music-hall sketch it is marvellous entertainment. Lindsay Anderson's directing once again displays his infallible sense of timing, but nothing he or the really first-rate cast can do can make up for the deep disappointment of the third act. The second act curtain commits the authors, however funny their material, to making some serious statement about their subject; yet Billy is allowed to dwindle into nothing more than a sad-eyed funny man. Our hopes come crashing to the ground.

No more suitable theatre than Croydon's Theatre-in-the-Round, the Pembroke, could have been found for the English premiere of *Compulsion*, Meyer Levin's dramatisation of the famous Leopold-Loeb case. This is a reconstruction of the murder, by two immature sons of millionaires, of a young boy picked at random from a group of his play-fellows: 'at random,' that is, in so far as Artie Straus (Loeb) did not recognise his own motive (symbolic murder of his baby brother) any more than Judd Steiner (Leopold) recognised in his choice of a hiding place for the body his own longing to return to the safety of the womb. Twenty-one separate scenes, following one on another at a cracking pace, trace the course of the crime from the moment the deed was committed, through the grisly 'celebration party,' the gradual accumulation of evidence by the Prosecuting Attorney, to confessions, the cells, psychiatrists, and the long-drawn-out agony of the trial. It is in this final magnificent scene that the arena theatre really comes into its own. The audience becomes part of the public attending the trial: the trial is real: the eye flits from face to face, watching for a sigh, detecting a perjury, wondering whether Wilk's eloquent Freudian pleading can save these lost children from the howling mob outside.

The play is not formally perfect and it would be easy to pick holes in the production, but such an exciting experience as this disarms criticism. There are at least four outstanding personal performances: Derek Smee's sensitive, arrogant, nakedly vulnerable Judd; Barry Warren's superbly deceitful Artie; Robert Henderson's tight-lipped Prosecuting Attorney; and Edward Rees's passionately idealistic Defence Attorney. But the real triumph belongs to the theatre itself, from whose flexible, intimate, involving arena the audience was caught like dry chaff by the spark of drama, and burned.

The only things that burned at the Duke of York's Theatre, where Mr Noel Coward's new play *Waiting in the Wings* is bringing lumps to many a throat, were some off-stage curtains, set alight by a superannuated pyromaniac who was soon carted off to the looney-bin.

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WILL THE WORLD STARVE?

SIR, – No speaker in the British Association's discussion of world food and population appears to have made the point that the great majority of people in countries where the pressure of population on food supplies is heaviest eat rice as their staple diet. This is an important point because (a) no other cereal crop approaches rice in potential yield of dry food matter per acre, and therefore no change of diet for these masses is conceivable; (b) no other cereal can yield two crops annually, year after year, from the same land; and (c) rice does not lend itself to western methods of cultivation. Yields from mechanised rice-lands (e.g. in southern Italy) are markedly inferior to yields from rice-lands cultivated by the traditional, laborious, eastern method of sowing in seed-beds and planting out, under water, by hand. When this is remembered, there is not the same comfort in an assurance that the food problem could be solved, at least for the time being, by the introduction of western methods to eastern agriculture.

Furthermore, it seems to me that an elementary error of arithmetic has crept into the calculations of some authorities. It is true that cereal crop yields in the East are much lower than in Europe. High yields in Europe are the result of high farming, which entails growing cereals on any given bit of ground only one year in every three or four. In the East rice is – has to be – grown on the same ground continuously. If the East achieves, say ten cwts per acre per annum, that is just as good, from the point of view of feeding people, as 30 to 40 cwts per acre in Europe (neglecting the small amount of animal and root vegetable food also produced by high farming; when it comes to hunger nothing matters but grain). In point of fact the overall food-crop yields per acre (dry food basis) are, if anything, slightly higher in Asia than in Europe (vide Pearson and Harper, *The World's Hunger*, Cornell University Press). What now are we to make of Mr Colin Clark's statement that the world could support 28 times its present population if all land was cultivated as well as in Holland?

Holland, of course, is uniquely fortunate in having a water-table only just below the surface of the soil. The efficiency of Dutch agriculture illustrates, more than anything, the benefit of abundant water, and I agree with Sir Alexander Fleck that more irrigation will certainly result in more food – especially in desert and semi-desert areas where, unhappily, irrigation schemes are likely to be most costly. Asia is already irrigated very much more extensively than any other continent, though plenty of scope unquestionably remains. I am less confident about the ultimate effects of chemical fertilizers. It is just not true that they are necessary for high yields, or necessarily increase yields. In many parts of England cereal crops in the 19th century, without artificials, were quite as heavy as they are today. Granted that plants live chiefly on the elements N, P and K, there is nevertheless more than a hint of absurdity in adding them to the

soil that already contains enough P and K to last for hundreds of years – the normal condition of fertile land – and can get all the nitrogen it needs from the air. The fish harvest could and should be increased. But it accounts for about 0.5 per cent only of total food consumption, and if it were trebled that would still not look after one year's growth of population.

While, therefore, much can be done at the edges of the food problem – more equitable distribution, better plants, pushing back the frontiers of arable land, improving cultivation where cultivation is genuinely inefficient (Africa, perhaps) – its heart will not be touched so long as mankind feeds, to the extent of 75 per cent, off the seed only of the 'noble grasses'. At Rothamstead they have recently been experimenting in the extraction of edible protein from leaves. This seems the really hopeful line of attack. Unless science provides some way of rendering plant *foliage* both nutritious and palatable, thus replacing the grossly inefficient domestic animal as a converter, there will almost certainly be a disastrous world food shortage within the lifetime of some of us – assuming that no catastrophe of another kind intervenes. It looks as if, to survive, we shall have to become straw-eaters.

R. L. C. FOOTTIT

Patrixbourne
Kent

CIVIL DEFENCE FRAUD

SIR, – Mr Berenbaum's fresh exposure of the civil defence fraud deserves a full reply from the government. I doubt whether they dare to take up the challenge however, not only because his argument is based on official US papers published more than a year ago, but because there are other, and I believe more forceful, reasons for saying that there can be no such thing as civil defence for most of us in Britain.

One must start from the basic fact that, in the words of the 1959 Holifield Report (summary analysis of hearings before a US Congress subcommittee on the biological and environmental effects of nuclear war), 'the combination of blast, fire, and radiation effects from megaton-yield weapons detonated in densely populated areas would be catastrophic in nature.' Few people have tried to realise what that means. By quotations from the Holifield hearings and elsewhere Mr Berenbaum has illustrated the text. But after hearing a great weight of expert evidence, some of it conflicting, the 'most significant' finding of the Holifield Committee was 'that civil defense preparedness could reduce the fatalities of the assumed attack on the United States from approximately 25 per cent of the population to about three per cent. The provision of shielding against radiation effects would at the same time protect against blast and thermal effects for the vast majority of the population.'

This is an important point because it may be used to justify not only our present pathetic CD organisation but, sooner or later, a crazy programme for building shelters of the USNRDL type for the whole population. Such shelters, which have been tested in Nevada, could possibly protect those inside from the heat, blast, and radiation from a nuclear explosion at a distance greater than the radius of the crater. The construction cost might be around £50 per head (say £2,500 million for England and Wales) to which must be added the staggering additional cost of finding space in the cities.

The casualty figures given by Everett and Pugh (as quoted by Mr Berenbaum) are presumably for some less effective shelter system and transposition of their results to Britain by simple area scaling is unreliable. In the fairly heavy (1446MT) attack on the US studied by the Holifield Committee, only a third of the deaths were due to fallout, even on the revised, less optimistic, decay rates and assuming only existing shelters. The different conclusions of these parallel reports is yet another example of the uncertainties of such estimates.

Nevertheless, a study (not yet published) of a 300 MT attack on England and Wales, strictly proportional to the Holifield hypothetical attack and half that mentioned by Mr Berenbaum, using only the very optimistic calculations of our CD Manual Pamphlet No. 1, has shown that the 20-30 million 'survivors' (according to degree of preparation) would have a slender chance of living for more than a few months. We should mostly die, not of radiation or other injury; but of starvation and disease, from which shelters could not save us. With a large proportion of our docks, railways, factories, power stations, and houses destroyed or damaged; with nearly all domestic animals killed; without fuel, telecommunications, or any ordinary public services; with vast numbers of people dead or dying and great tracts of town and country uninhabitable; national recovery would be impossible on our own resources.

This aspect of civil defence – ultimate survival – was outside the scope of the Holifield hearings. So far as I know no comprehensive study of it has yet been published. But it is considerations of this kind, rather than estimates of deaths due to injuries, which are the real argument against the feasibility of civil defence.

M. J. BARCLAY

Trellis Cottage
Grove Place, NW3

SIR, – Mr Lawrence D. Hills is quite wrong in asserting that no MP of any party has raised questions about the Civil Defence Fraud, vividly exposed by Mr Berenbaum a fortnight ago, but his ignorance is understandable. In fact, several MPs of the Labour Party have persistently challenged Mr Butler about the false prospectus of civil defence, but their essays have met with dusty answers from ministers, strong silence on the Opposition Front Bench, and scant notice in the press. In particular, I refer Mr Hills and your readers to the Hansards for 11 February, 26 February, and 30 July, 1959, and 17 March, 29 March, and 18 June, 1960, in the first of which they will find Duncan Sandys's famous reply to Mr Sydney Silverman that 'we could not honestly say to the people of this country that in the present state of scientific knowledge there is any effective means of defending the country as a whole'.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

House of Commons

DEFENCE AND AID

SIR, – The emergency in South Africa is officially over, not so the sufferings of the victims. The deportation of Ambrose Reeves, Bishop of Johannesburg, is a sharp reminder of the lengths to which the South African government will go.

The Bishop of Johannesburg, Mr Alan Paton, the Archbishop of Cape Town and other leaders in the struggle against racial policies and practices in South Africa urge us in Britain to send more and more money for aid and defence of the victims: many of the detainees under the emergency regulations have lost their jobs as well as their belongings; some have been driven into debt; and the plight of the families and dependants, particularly of South Africans, is desperate. They assure us that the £140,000 already sent out to South Africa by the Defence and Aid Fund administered by Christian Action, has done a magnificent job; but they now ask for at least £150,000 more to provide for the rehabilitation of the detainees (who have been kept in prison, many of them for as long as four months, with no charge brought against them and now released with not so much as even an apology) and the care of them and their dependents; to see through to its end the Treason Trial, for which purpose another £17,000 is required; and to provide aid and defence in the very many other cases of individual or mass victimisation which are characteristic of the present dreadful situation in the Union. They are doing what they can in most difficult circumstances to raise money there; but they must continue to rely on us in Britain for the bulk of what they require.

HYPNOTIC

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EDINBURGH to LONDON CAMPAIGN

September 3 to 24

BIRMINGHAM Sept 17: Assemble Ablewell St. Car Park, Walsall 9 am, West Bromwich Community Centre (lunch). Birmingham contingent joins Dartmouth Park 1.30 pm, Holyhead Road, Soho Road, and Outer Circle to Summerfield Park (tea, 4 to 5 pm) Dudley Road, Spring Hill, New Street, Corporation St, Bull St and Colmore Road to Birmingham Town Hall. Meeting at the Town Hall, 7.30 pm. Jacquetta Hawkes, Canon L. John Collins, Harold Davies, MP.
Sept 18: Assemble Small Heath Park 9.30 am, Meriden (lunch 1 to 2 pm), Allesley to

COVENTRY by Holyhead Road, Corporation Street and Hill Street to Friends Meeting House. Meeting, the Precincts, 6 pm. A. J. P. Taylor, Maurice Edelman, MP, E. A. Roberts.
Sept 19: Assemble Precincts 9 am, Gosford Green, Brandon Village, Church Lawford and Long Lawford to Rugby (lunch break), West Haddon to

NORTHAMPTON, by Weedon Road to Dodderidge Hall for welcome, Marefair, Gold St, Abington St to Carnegie Hall. Meeting at Carnegie Hall, 7.30 pm Freda Jackson, Richard Gregson, John Rex.
Sept 20: Assemble Dodderidge Hall 9 am, Denton and Yardley Hastings to Lavendon (lunch break, 12.30 to 1.30 pm), Turvey and Bromham to

BEDFORD by Bromham Road, Alexandra Road, Midland Road, St. Paul's Sq, High St, Tavistock St, Conduit St, Alexandra Road. Meeting: if fine, River Embankment; if wet, Trades Hall, Alexandra Road, 8 pm Ritchie Calder, Francis Jude.
Sept 21: Assemble Trades Hall 9 am, Bromham Road, St. Peters, High St and Luton Road to Elstow and Silsoe (lunch 12 to 1 pm), Barton in the Clay to

LUTON through the town to disperse at the Roundabout on Leagrave Road. Meeting: Trade Unionists Club, Church St, 8 pm.
Sept 22: Assemble Wardown Park, 8.30 am, Castle St, Harpenden Road to Harpenden (Meeting 10.45 am, St. Albans (lunch 1 pm). Meeting in Car Park by Town Hall. Diana Collins, Mervyn Jones. Tea break at junction of A412 and M1 (3.30 to 4 pm). Watford contingent joins at the Dome Garage.

WATFORD. Disperse at the Ponds. Meeting there at 6 pm. Speakers: E. A. Roberts, Mervyn Jones.
Sept 23: Assemble 9.30 am, at the Ponds, Watford, London Road, Pinner Road, Oxhey Lane, Courtenay Drive, Long Elmes, Watford Road, Harrow High Street, Station Road (lunch, Labour Hall, Station Approach, Wealdstone, 1 to 2 pm), Kenton Road, Kingsbury Road, Edgware Road, Staples Corner to

WILLESDEN. Meeting at Neasden Recreation Ground, 5 pm.
Sept 24: Assemble Pound Lane (near Dollis Hill Station) 11.15 am. Willesden Lane, Kilburn High Road, Edgware Road, Marble Arch (lunch, Hyde Park, 1.30 to 2.30 pm), Park Lane, Piccadilly Circus, Haymarket to

TRAFALGAR SQUARE, led by the ARLISTON COLLIERY PIPE BAND which led the Campaign out of Edinburgh on September 3 (arriving in the Square from 3.30 on).

RALLY: 4.30. Canon L. JOHN COLLINS, Chairman; BERTRAND RUSSELL, OM, FRS; JUDITH HART, MP; Lt Col PATRICK LORT-PHILLIPS, DSO; IAN MIKARDO.

OTHER MEETINGS & MARCHES

17 Sept: IPSWICH TO BENTWATERS AIR BASE Assemble 9.30 am Fonnereau Road, Ipswich. Woodbridge Market Sq, 12.30 to 1.30 p.m. Bentwaters Base Main Entrance 4 pm.

21 Sept: Ealing Town Hall, 8 pm, IAN MIKARDO, Dr ANTHONY HART.

23 Sept: Stratford-on-Avon Town Hall, 8 pm, Dame PEGGY ASHCROFT, JACQUETTA HAWKES, J. B. PRIESTLEY.

Details from:
CND, 2 Carthusian Street, EC1
CLE 5146

The Defence and Aid Fund, with the full approval of its sponsors, has accepted the responsibility to try to raise a further £200,000. We believe it is vital that we should not now fail those in South Africa who have come to look on us for help in their struggle against the evils of *apartheid*. We appeal to all in Britain to fulfil our undertaking. Donations (cheques payable to Christian Action, please) to the Honorary Treasurer, Defence and Aid Fund, at this address

L. J. COLLINS

Christian Action
2 Amen Court
London EC4

ART AND THE TRADE UNIONS

SIR, – Conspicuously absent from the writers of your symposium on trade unions and the arts was any known trade-unionist. J. B. Priestley in fact confesses, 'I know very little about the unions'. But more innocent, surely, of the facts of industrial life is Victor Pasmore, when he says the worker who knows he is doing a worthwhile job will be 'inevitably' imbued with pride and joy as he labours.

And Angus Wilson, referring to the need to encourage promising writers, asserts 'a standard must be maintained', envisaging a panel of judges – 'necessarily' professional writers. Possibly. But it seems to me he assumes, like your other contributors, prior objectives that are extremely disputable.

What, I submit, must first be decided is whether prior emphasis should be given for the trade unions to (a) sponsor a few showing promise of outstanding performance; or (b) provide practical encouragement for the creative leisure activity of thousands of industrial workers, having no special talent necessarily, but with a curious and invariably submerged desire to make something ('useless' or otherwise) which, if produced by the brilliant, might be somewhat arbitrarily called art.

Seeing that, if any project is agreed, rank and file trade-unionists have to finance it, the order of priority seems obvious. How better, anyway in the long run, to inject, spread or spray cultural and spiritual enrichment in our society?

S. J. HAYWARD

21 Airlie Gardens
Ilford, Essex

FILM CENSORSHIP

SIR, – Mr Denis Horne has shown me Mr Whitebait's note to Mr Horne's letter in the NEW STATESMAN of 20 August. It is quite incorrect that Keith Johnstone wrote a film-script on 'The Teddy Boys' with me. I know nothing about any film-script called 'The Teddy Boys' except the one written by my collaborator Denis Horne, although I had been talking to Keith Johnstone and Lindsay Anderson before Denis Horne agreed to collaborate again with me. If any other filmscript was presented for consideration by the Censor I have no knowledge of it.

LORENZA MAZZETTI

Via delle Carrozza 48
Piazza di Spagna
Rome

BRASILIA

SIR, – In his article 'The Two Faces of Brasilia', Mr Paul Johnson writes that 'despite its architectural sophistication, Brasilia is fundamentally an old-fashioned city, perhaps the last of the old-style cities to be built'. However surprising this statement may be and however unconvincing the reasons given in support of it may seem to me, I do not wish to discuss what I regard to be the personal opinion of Mr Johnson – I would say a very personal opinion – since the judgment of leading contemporary architects and town-planners is weighted against it.

What I do wish to find fault with in the article is the spirit of prejudice with which the author visited Brasilia and which prevented him from giving a correct and fair report. The impression one gets is that Mr Johnson's purpose is simply to criticise Brasilia and living conditions in the new capital, not hesitating, therefore, to resort to inaccuracies or his own imagination in order to present the facts in an unfavourable light.

The construction of Brasilia, as is known, took little over three years, and this in itself is a great achievement. To move a federal government, ensure that a new city has the requisites for life, establish its public and social services – all this undoubtedly represents an enormous task. Difficulties were of course to be expected, but I have no hesitation in stating that they are being surmounted with the same drive and determination which distinguished the building of Brasilia. If an appraisal of the new capital is to be fair, it must take these facts into account; otherwise it will inevitably be biased and incorrect.

A. B. L. CASTELLO-BRANCO
Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires

Brazilian Embassy
London

G. D. H. COLE AND SOCIALISM

SIR, – In his review of the final volume of *A History of Socialist Thought*, Mr R. H. S. Crossman claims that Cole 'never achieved an objective and detached position between Communism and Social Democracy'.

But G. D. H. Cole was always a 'democratic' Socialist, however steadfast his unwillingness to toe party lines; and his innumerable works certainly upheld the moral principles which have motivated the Labour Party. As a thinker, he was essentially a fundamentalist of the Owen-Fourier school, though believing that social thought should be closely related to the circumstances and events of the time.

There are reasons for the apparent 'oddity' of his thought. He was mainly interested in social 'movements' rather than in problems of government, and he viewed political power from the standpoint of commitment to social blueprints. His scale of conception was always enormous, and he had the courage to discuss social problems on a scale which few would dare to attempt in the age of specialisation.

It would be much more just to claim that the 'contradictions' of Cole's activity and thought – especially those in the *History of Socialist Thought* – were due simply to the frustration and compromises involved in the process of party politics. He was a thinker and not a practical politician, and therefore should be judged in this light.

JOHN CORINA

Nuffield College
Oxford

WHAT ABOUT TAGORE?

SIR, – Surely Mr Singh has forgotten Tagore when he writes in your issue of 10 September that 'India has not produced a first rate poet in the (English) language in the hundred years (prior to self government)'. 'Chitra' and other of Tagore's poetical works have a high place in English literary circles. Mrs Sarojini Naida, though less well known, is also greatly admired.

PETHICK-LAWRENCE

11 Old Square, WC2

WELL-EARNED REBUKE

SIR, – I read the letter in the *News Chronicle* from which the winning 'This England' entry last week is quoted. I wondered whether the rather facetious irony would be lost on many readers.

Was your prize-winner one of those whom Critic indulgently took to task lately, for rushing to protest at one of Claud Cockburn's articles?

D. H. CUDMORE

23 Gloucester Road
Thornbury
nr Bristol

THE PLUNDERED CONTINENT

The United States and Latin-American Nationalism

PAUL JOHNSON

Lying on my back on Copacabana Beach, gazing up at the sapphire sky, ringed with peeling skyscrapers and stumpy hills, I pondered the question which every visitor to the continent must have asked himself: when is Latin-America going to make its mark on the world? From where I lay, I could watch almost naked mulatto boys scuffling over a broken football. A few yards back stretched the great boulevard of hotels, listless in the heat: the bishops had recently shut down the casino and wrecked the US tourist trade. Dotted about were ritzy apartment blocks, whose rents would make even a London property speculator wince: now teeming with call-girls who had been kicked out of the shuttered brothels. The week before, less than 100 yards away, gangsters had shot down three policemen in broad daylight; and that very morning detectives had discovered a private graveyard, operated by a mob for their victims and fallen comrades.

Latin-America might have been the kingdoms of the world the Devil showed Christ on the mountain. It has more cultivable, high yield tropical soil than any other continent, at least three times as much agricultural land, *per capita*, as Asia, the biggest reserves of timber in the world. Buried in it are uncalculated but vast reserves of oil, iron, copper, tin, gold, silver, zinc, lead; the list is endless – it embraces virtually every metal, base and rare, and every industrial chemical known to man. With its oil and hydro-electric power it constitutes one of the greatest untapped reservoirs of energy; its annual population increase, hovering between two and three per cent, provides an inexhaustible source of future manpower.

Yet Latin-America contains some of the poorest and most exploited people on the planet. Its impact on world politics, over nearly 500 years, has been negligible. It has remained a rich and plundered flotsam, drifting on the rival tides of European and North American avarice. Its influence abroad has been passive and vicarious. In the first quarter of the 16th century, the gold wrenched from its bowels caused a price-revolution in western Europe, ruined the Spanish economy (and, incidentally, detonated the Reformation in England). In the 1820s, the South American mineral boom produced the first of the classic trade cycles in Europe. Latterly, its 20 votes at the UN has brought an illusion of influence; though its bewildered delegates, summoned from their sports-cars and mistresses to record, from time to time, their Assembly votes in the American interest, are merely the modern equivalent of George III's place-men – and even this small privilege has now been swamped by the invasion of new African states.

Will it always be like this? Will Latin-America remain the plundered continent? Or is the time coming when its peoples will step onto the world stage in their own right, and play the massive part to which their economic wealth entitles them? These were the questions I set myself on Copacabana beach, and tried to answer during a 30,000-mile voyage through this area.

My trip began, logically, in Brazil: for the first half of the answer depends upon the speed at which Brazil's experiment in capitalist economics comes to maturity. It ended, again logically, in Cuba: for the success of the present political experiment there is the necessary compliment to the Brazilian upsurge. In examining these two questions, we shall find ourselves touching upon virtually all the problems of the continent.

Brazil: Hercules Unbound

Superficially, Brazil is just another Latin-American state. Its *per capita* income is among the lowest on the continent. Between 60 and 75 per cent – no-one seems to know – of Brasilians are illiterate; even in Rio State, the proportion is over half. Only 5 per cent of the cultivable land is under crops. It has a tiny, ramshackle railway network with less mileage than Belgium, but five different gauges and 29 different systems; most of the engines burn wood, which has to be transported long distances by lorries consuming imported petrol. To a great extent, it still has a one-crop economy, with all the attendant evils. Half the population scarcely handles money and cannot afford to buy manufactured goods. In the north-east, when the drought comes, the inhabitants – they are called *flagelados*, those who are whipped – live off cactus. There's no colour prejudice, true; it's just that the Negroes, still less the Indians, don't seem to get very far. The army and navy are well looked after. Government, as in 18th century England, is a branch of private enterprise. The police mind their own business, unless attacked. About half the country is unexplored, three-quarters unvisited by respectable citizens. Since the collapse of the rubber boom, there's no point in going near the Amazon; no way of getting there, either, unless you want to chug up it in verminous boats, or risk a flight across 1,000 miles of jungle. This, at any rate, is the picture you get in Rio, where hope is a stunted plant, wedged between the most villainous slums in the world and the flagrant evidence of unprincipled wealth. 'Why do you want to come to Rio?' I was asked. 'There's nothing to do here except girls – why, they even took the government away from us'.

Illustrations by Paul Johnson

In Sao Paulo, it's a different story. Unlike Rio, the city has escaped from the debilitating frustrations of the coast, which turns longing eyes back towards Europe. It is in the centre of the *terra roxa*, the rich red earth which grows the world's best coffee. Unlike all other Latin-American cities, it is not an artificial creation, an ant-hill refuge for men beaten by the land. It has sprung up as a natural process of economic growth: efficient farming led to the creation of agricultural surpluses; these in turn produced capital; capital was invested in industry, selling its products to rich farmers and salaried labourers. Suddenly, in the last quarter of the 19th century, the process began to reach maturity, and Sao Paulo exploded. From a population of 25,000 in 1875, it has expanded to nearly four million, and is growing at the rate of 150,000 a year. It spreads over 700 square miles, virtually without slums. The centre is a vast canyon of roads, lipped by the biggest skyscrapers in the southern hemisphere; around, stretch pleasant residential suburbs, occupied – and in Latin-America this is a miracle – by ordinary bank-clerks and industrial workers. For, if Sao Paulo boasts of its 100 millionaires, it also has something which is economically far more significant: a million and a half regular wage-earners – the vital atoms of a modern consumer economy.

The Sao Paulo 'Miracle'

For this is the real importance of Sao Paulo. Within the city and in the rich agricultural and industrial hinterland are some 12 to 15 million people who have decisively crossed the subsistence threshold. In the past in Brazil, and elsewhere in Latin-America even today, economic growth is paralysed by a total dependence on overseas markets. Manufactured imports could only be paid for by exporting raw materials – food and minerals. The people were tied to the land, leading a subsistence economy; and any investment in the land meant overproduction, price collapses and unemployment. Local industry died of inanition: nobody could afford to buy the goods. There seemed no way out of this vicious circle.

Now Sao Paulo has broken it, for good. The slow process of natural agricultural growth has created a reservoir of consumers. These have been joined by what economists call 'high-grade' immigrants – 1,250,000 Italians, 1 million Portuguese, 400,000 Spaniards, 250,000 Japanese, 100,000 Lebanese and Syrians – bringing with them

capital, energy, and industrial skills which cannot be purchased south of the Rio Grande. As a result, the area has an annual consumer purchasing power of over $15,000 million – the basis for self-sustaining economic growth. Already, Sao Paulo has 60 per cent of Brazil's industry. New factories are going up at the rate of one a week. The US, France, Italy, above all West Germany are pouring in capital: by the end of this year, for instance, a dozen varieties of US and European cars will be turning out of local plants.

The problem now has entered a new phase. How, operating from its solidly established base in Sao Paulo, can this new wealth 'colonise' the rest of Brazil? Until a few years ago, the problem seemed insoluble: distance, sheer physical difficulties and the prevailing inertia elsewhere were tending to turn Sao Paulo in upon itself. Now, by forcing through the construction of Brazilia, President Kubitschek has broken Rio's palsied grip upon government and built a psychological as well as a physical bridge across which Sao Paulo's wealth can flow to the interior and the north. Now the emphasis is no longer on direction, but solely on speed.

Ironically, JK's success may have wrecked his political future. He and his coalition which, with its strong links with organised labour and the poor, constitutes the political inheritance of the popular Vargas dictatorship, stand for *étatisme* and economic nationalism. Brazil's natural riches must be exploited by Brazilians – and that means the state. Foreign investment must be discouraged or, if permitted, placed in a legal straitjacket. Such a policy responded to the national temper when Brazil, economically weak, still feared the foreign capitalist.

Janio and His Broom

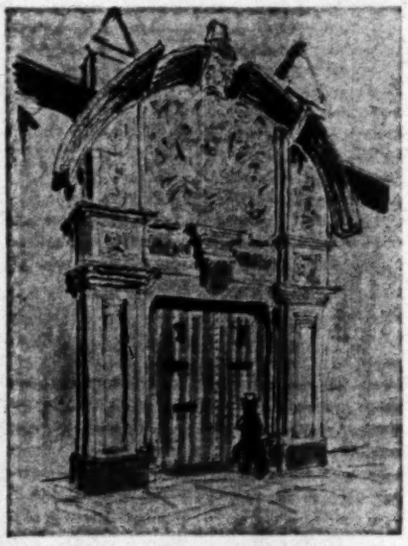
But I suspect that this epoch is over. Brazil is now becoming sufficiently economically mature to see the foreign investor not as a master, but merely as a business-partner. Many politicians and businessmen now realise, moreover, that economic nationalism, with its network of often conflicting laws, and the corrupt, proliferating bureaucracy which they produce, is a barrier not to exploitation but to economic progress. The Brazilian oil industry, for instance, consigned to the state-owned Petrobras, as a monopoly, has languished for lack of capital. The need now, it is argued, is to throw open the economic frontiers and let private enterprise rip.

These new forces have found their spokesman in 'Janio' Quadras, who is standing this autumn as (for want of a better word) the right-wing candidate for the presidency. 'Janio' is a reformer: as Governor of the state of Sao Paulo he was responsible for the biggest administrative and bureaucratic clean-up in Brazil's history. His symbol is the broom; his dynamic is the wave of industrial self-confidence which has swept over Sao Paulo and is now catching on elsewhere. A youngish man, with goggle eyes, flopping black hair, feminine gestures, a torrent of words, he is a natural politician. JK himself is constitutionally barred from standing against him (he must wait until 1965 before he is again eligible). Instead he has put up his dumb, gawky Defence Minister, one Field Marshal Lott. The Vargas machine has never yet been beaten; but when I left Brazil, the sober city betting was that Janio would make history.

This is probably desirable. In Brazil's present stage of evolution, such terms as Socialism are meaningless. The country resembles the United States during the great westward surge of the mid-19th century. I found a complete absence of interest in the outside world, an avid self-absorption in the immediate business of making money. This national climate may be disagreeable; but it is healthy and necessary. Unlike the rest of Latin-America, there is little self-pity in Brazil. Violence, yes; poverty, the vicious cruelty of glaring economic inequality. But no doubts about the future. Before the end of the century, Brazil will have a population of 200 million. It will be the biggest industrial power south of the equator, playing a giant's role in the world. The type of economic and political regime it will then possess can and must be left to the next generation to decide.

No Tea in Harrod's

In Brazil, hope; in the rest of the continent resignation, even despair. This sweeping generalisation is a useful rule-of-thumb south of Panama. As I landed in Buenos Aires, a group of disgruntled officers, led by a Fascist architect, seized the radio-station at San Juan, in the Andes foothills, and set up a revolutionary government. It collapsed abruptly during the night. In the rain-sodden, apathetic



capital, groups of listless citizens stared up at the news-flashes in the window of *La Prensa*. A regiment of guardsmen, Thompson's at the hip, clustered round the presidential palace. 'Who cares if they overthrow our democracy?' I heard it said. 'There is nothing left to overthrow.'

Vast, sprawling Buenos Aires (it numbers 5 million, with a further 2 million in the outer suburbs), once so elegant, with its cherished echoes of Paris, now has a down-at-heel, second-hand air. The street-lights splutter on and off at night, there are great, unfilled cavities in the pavements, peeling plaster on the public buildings. In the great Teatro Colon, where I saw a vociferous performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, the house was half empty, though it was the opening night of the season. In the Florida, once the Oxford Street of Latin America, there were shuttered shops. With virtually no high-grade foreign imports to sell, one of the great British-owned department stores has already shut down and others are expected to follow. Harrod's still keeps going, but the lift boy there sadly informed me that the tea-room was no longer open. Ancient and battered American cars honked and limped along the streets. 'In the last twenty years', an elderly British resident told me, 'this country has been completely wrecked. What we have now is neither capitalism, Communism or Socialism. It is just nothing at all. And no-one has the faintest idea what to do'.

The post-war history of Argentina is an unmitigated tragedy. It also epitomises all the main problems which face Latin-American countries, apart from Brazil. After Venezuela, whose wealth springs almost entirely from oil, it has the highest *per capita* income in the area and by far the highest literacy rate. The British provided it with the biggest railway network south of the equator and the elements of an industrial base. What went wrong? Briefly, Argentina's troubles spring from Peron's clumsy but well-meaning attempts to make it economically and industrially independent. This desire for release from the foreigner is present throughout Latin-America. For a time, in the rosy post-war era of high commodity prices, it seemed as though Argentina might realise it.

Basing his power on organised labour, Peron's dream was to convert Argentina from an agricultural into an industrial country – the power house of the continent. Excessive world demand for beef and grain gave him a vast exchange surplus during the Forties. He used this to buy out foreign investments – to the tune of nearly $400 million – and to force through a state programme of rapid industrialisation. He also used export exchange rates to penalise agriculture. Inevitably, food production fell dramatically, exports dwindled, the rural workers poured into the cities in search of high, artificially-fixed wages, imports rose – not only for industry but for the swollen rural populations – and the economy swung into a vicious inflationary spin. This crackpot experiment was doomed in any case; but the collapse of world commodity prices in the 1950s turned it into disaster. Argentine's food exports were falling in quantity at precisely the time when their value was collapsing. The economy came to a virtual stop: by 1955, the gross national product was over seven per cent lower than in 1948. After a few half-hearted efforts to reverse the process, the Peron regime collapsed in a maelstrom of bloodshed and police tyranny.

When Left is Right

Peron left a fearful legacy. It is axiomatic in Latin-America that once you have dragged a peasant off the land into the city, you can never get him back again, no matter how poor he is. It is also axiomatic that no Latin-American government can be induced to take a serious interest in agriculture. Hence production of Argentina's real wealth – cattle and grain – remains static. Three quarters of the population live in the towns eating their heads off (in one year, the country even had to import wheat). Because Peronist memories still linger among the urban workers, the government dare not allow wages to find their market level: so industry remains hopelessly uncompetitive and stagnant. Nearly everyone is under-employed. The sprawling, state-owned railways (run at a gigantic loss) have, I was told, 75 per cent surplus personnel. Nearly 14 per cent of the work-force is employed by government; and, short of a revolution, nobody can be fired from a government office.

What, in these circumstances, can any government do? President Frondizi and his Intransigent Radicals were elected on a

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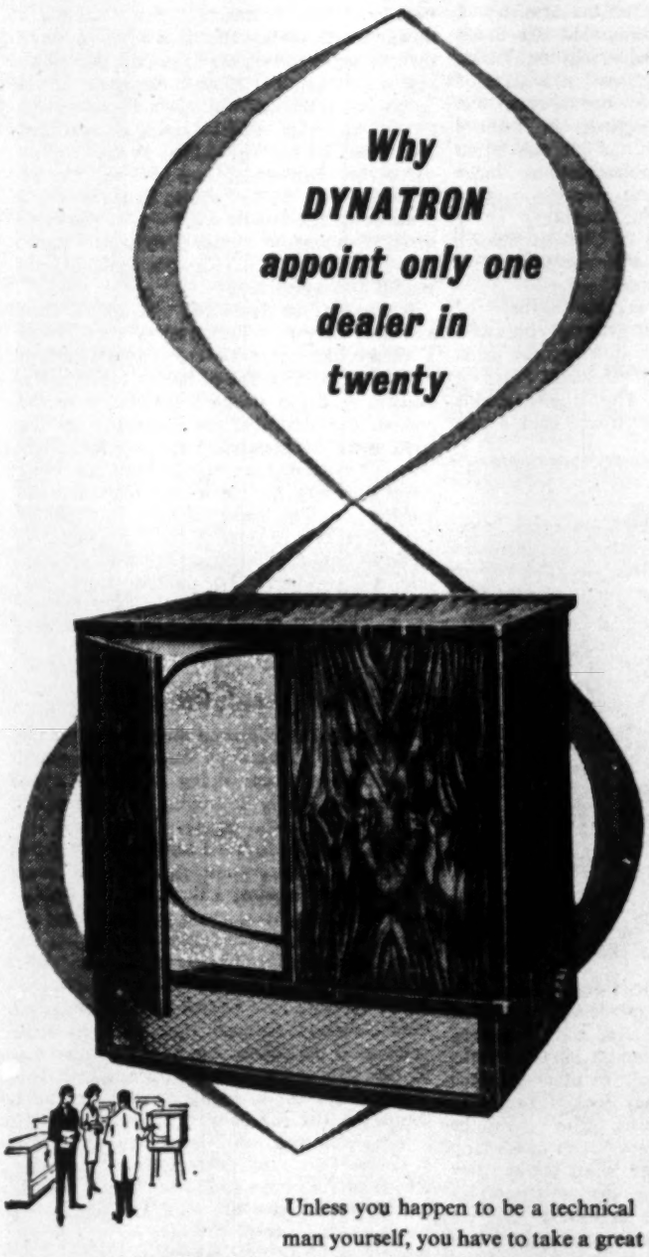

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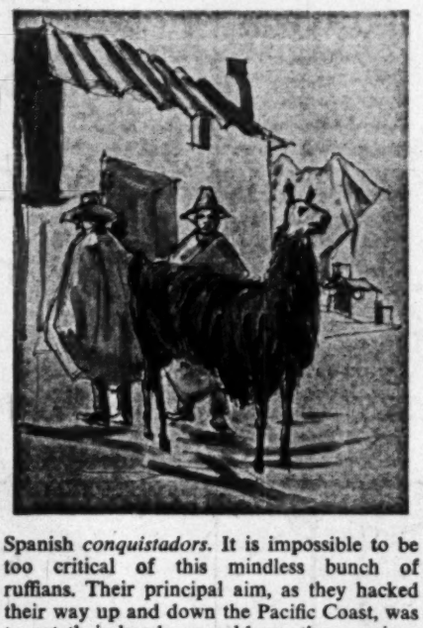
violently left-wing platform with Peronist support. He pledged himself to carry out what Peron had manifestly failed to do; once in office, he found this was impossible. Inflation was proceeding at a steady trot of 50 per cent a year; external payments were in permanent unbalance; it was out of the question to salvage the wreck of the industrialisation programme without a massive injection of foreign capital – and where was that to come from? Short of imposing a Communist dictatorship, and beating the country into raising itself by its bootstraps, Frondizi had only one choice: to sell the country, lock, stock and barrel, to the United States.

Madness from Spain

This, in effect, is what he has done, but in a subtle, mid-20th century way. The US bankers of the International Monetary Fund have made available initial credits of $329 million, on condition that the government follows an economic policy of which they approve. This means, in practice, savage deflation, euphemised under the title of the Stabilisation Programme. A dramatic fall in consumption, unemployment, wage-cuts, strikes, police action have followed in inevitable progression. The country is unhappy and uncertain. Moreover to date, Frondizi's policy seems to be failing on all counts. He has not dared to take the political risks of dismantling sufficient of the protective and paternalist legal machinery of Peronism to make his new policy work; but at the same time he has made himself just sufficiently unpopular to become absolutely dependent on the army. This is now the real ruler of the country. Just before I arrived there, parliament was forced, virtually at pistol point, to hand over the state of Cordoba to military rule. The army now controls the Ministry of the Interior, and has reimposed the death penalty for terrorism – i.e., attacks on officers. Parts of the country are now in a state of incipient anarchy. Armed bands roam the pampas. Time-bombs explode in railway stations. Trades unionists and journalists are savagely beaten in secret police-stations. Under the nominal aegis of a left-wing democratically elected government, Argentina today bears all the hallmarks of Franco Spain: industrial stagnation, rising unemployment, inflation and police terror.

Unfortunately, the recent history of Argentine finds echoes all over the continent. With varying degrees of violence, the same pattern can be traced, in Chile, in Peru, in Venezuela, for example. The origins of this continental *malaise* can be traced back to the



Spanish *conquistadors*. It is impossible to be too critical of this mindless bunch of ruffians. Their principal aim, as they hacked their way up and down the Pacific Coast, was to get their hands on gold or other precious metals. Failing this, they looked for large concentrations of Indians, who could be turned into slave-labourers on cash-crop farms. In an astonishingly short period, they wrecked not only one of the most complex agricultural civilisations in history, but the very earth itself. The Inca empire in Peru had supported 30 million people in material abundance; its wealth was based on scientific strip contour farming, kept efficient by an elaborate bureaucracy. Despite the absence of either the wheel or the horse, communications were better (taking the country as a whole) than in present-day Peru: the great ravines were spanned by superb bridges of wood and rope, kept in excellent repair.

The Bridge of San Luis – Oops!

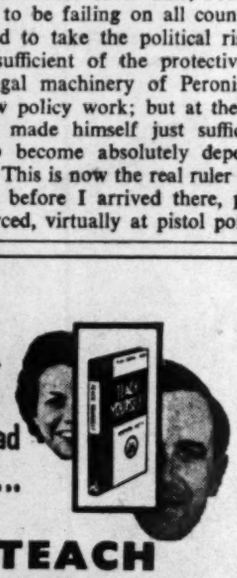
This inheritance the Spaniards threw away in the blind pursuit of easy wealth. Some of the Indians were dragged down from the Andean plateau to die on the tropical farms of the coast; others were dragged up from the coast to die in the mines. The bridges were used until they collapsed: the story of the bridge of San Luis Rey is symbolic of the whole colonial period. With the death of the Indians, the rich terraces were abandoned. I travelled hundreds of miles through the great Peruvian valleys. Everywhere, in the midsts of the raw, desolate landscape, were the faint scratchings which marked what had once been a wonder of husbandry. Instead, the Spaniards pillaged the plains: agricultural plunder at its crudest. A forest was burnt down, crops sown; after a few years, when the soil began to fail, the Spaniards moved on and burnt another forest. Stripped of its forest cover, the soil was washed into the sea by the torrential Andean rains, or scattered into desert by the high winds. In the sea, the soil turned into sludge and poisoned the inshore fisheries. In Colombia, Ecuador, Chile – all down the Pacific coast – it is the same story of senseless plunder, the same rapid conversion of priceless, irreplaceable natural wealth into desert.

Ironically, the Spaniards' one gift – their skill and energy in building cities – has proved a further handicap to the Latin-American economy. In the midst of hostile country, the cities proved too strong a temptation to the *colons*, too desirable an alternative to the hard work of harnessing the interior. They have all expanded far beyond their economic limits and now impose a crushing, ravenous burden on the rural areas. A third of Argentina lives in Buenos Aires, a quarter of Chile in Santiago. Mexico City with 4.5 million, Caracas with 1.5 million, Lima and Bogota with a million each – all are far too big for the depleted productive workers who must feed them.

When Massu Flew the White Ensign

The only restrictions on the appetites of the Spanish *colons*, the only forces which could prevent them from wiping out the Indians entirely and finally destroying the continent's resources, were the Spanish crown and the church. The crown, in its fumbling way, tried to operate conservation policies and even imposed laws against killing Indians wholesale. The church was more positive. Some of the missionaries, notably the Jesuits, set up inland colonies, farming the land on scientific principles, resurrecting native handicrafts, trying to recreate in a beaten race the sense of human dignity. As such, they became mortal enemies of the *colons*, and in the last decades of the 18th century they were hounded out. Their colonies, in Paraguay and northern Argentina, can still be seen: crumbling, overgrown churches, in superb rococco, the patterns of once-rich fields. In turn, the feeble efforts of the crown to impose reason proved too irksome. Around 1820, the territories, one by one, rejected the authority of Spain and set up aristocratic republics.

The revolutions were essentially *colon* uprisings against the restrictive humanitarianism of the central power. As such, they find a modern echo in Algeria. But in 1820, General Massu – in the person of Bolivar, San Martin and the rest – flew the White Ensign. For it was the British Navy, holding the ring while the insurgents smashed the Spanish garrisons, which made the republican triumph possible. More than this, British capital, avid to break the Spanish monopoly and thrust its way into the rich investment territories of the continent, played an active role in financing revolt. The British government provided diplomatic backing. Canning was the Krushchev of the 1820s. It was a legion of Peninsula veterans, recruited from the London slums, which enabled Bolivar to free Venezuela and plunge across the Andes into Colombia. British gold financed San Martin. Admiral Cochrane transported his forces up the Pacific coast. Once Spanish rule had collapsed, the officers and *colons* turned on the Indians. In Argentina, San Martin's lieutenants massacred them to a man, and carved up the pampas into giant estates. In turn, the British moved into the



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ports and set up the great commercial and mining dynasties. The second age of plunder had begun. In the south and along the Pacific it was the British preserve; the Caribbean, the Isthmus and Mexico was the American commercial empire, built by private armies and bribes, pocket presidents, gunboats and marines.

Hence by the early years of the 20th century, Latin-America had acquired its present characteristics. In virtually every country, a one-commodity economy (coffee, bananas, sugar, tin or copper), tragically vulnerable to fluctuations in world prices. A socially and technically retrograde land-system. Rule by small oligarchies, with overlarge armed forces playing the role of arbiter and acting as a check on the normal functioning of the democratic system. Constant intervention by the great commercial powers.

Keeping the Latinos 'Sensible'

How to escape from this complementary dominance of overseas commercial interests and internal feudal oligarchies has always been, and remains, the central problem for Latin-American nationalists. The parallel with the Arab world is close: for there also an alien power (Turkey) had been usurped by western commerce, acting in conjunction with local, reactionary aristocrats. In Latin-America, it has not proved particularly difficult, in recent times, for left-wing nationalists to win office through free elections; their problem has been how to win real power. In the smaller territories, such as Guatemala, legal governments can easily be overthrown by external intervention, sponsored by threatened commercial interests. Even in larger countries, such as Mexico and Bolivia, defiance of the foreigner can prove too costly. The Mexican oil industry is still being 'punished' for nationalisation: the international oil companies responded by building up the Venezuelan oil industry, just as in the Middle East they built up Kuwait to 'punish' Persia. In Bolivia, the nationalised tin industry is starved of the capital required to make it competitive.

The Cold Eyes of the Bankers

We have seen what happens when even a comparatively rich and technically advanced country like Argentina attempts to make itself master of its own economic destiny. It simply ends by falling victim to the new type of coloniser – the cold-eyed bankers in Washington. Today, the process can be observed at work in a number of other Latin-American regions. The jack-booted foreign overseer has been succeeded by the Export-Import Bank economist in the grey flannel suit. To be sure, his intentions are far more honourable than his predecessor's. What the United States wants from Latin-America is simply to be able to extract or buy its raw materials – at what now begins to approach a fair price – in an atmosphere of stable politics and orthodox economics. It is able to get the type of government which can provide these by offering – or withholding – large-scale loans, without which Latin-America cannot industrialise at all. Washington hopes – genuinely, no doubt – that this atmosphere will, by some process of capitalist alchemy, produce 'healthy', regular and eventually self-sustaining economic growth, in a framework of monetary stability. Unfortunately, neither growth nor stability has been, or is likely to be, achieved. For political stability itself prevents the drastic changes in the social and economic system which alone can provide the basis for dynamic growth.

Chile is an example of this vicious circle in motion. In her post-war efforts to get her industrial system off the ground, Chile fell into a quagmire of inflation, inevitably accompanied by a foreign-exchange crisis. The whole country is now in pawn to the US-dominated financial agencies – IMF, World Bank, Export-Import Bank, etc. – who supply medium-sized loans in return for the right to dictate financial policy to President Alessandri's highly conservative government. The massive deflationary dose on which they insisted has merely depressed the Chilean economy further. Industrial production fell 12 per cent between 1956 and 1958 and still seems to be falling; even 'official' unemployment is about nine per cent. Chile has all the characteristics of a backward country. Income-tax is a mere 3½ per cent (even so, there is at least 25 per cent evasion). Official interest rates are about 16 per cent, with free rates running up to 140 per cent! Over 25 per cent of the revenue goes on the armed forces and police. Average real wages have declined sharply since 1948, while real national income *per capita* fell by 10 per cent. Some 25 per cent of the population – whose real wealth comes almost entirely from land and minerals – form a grossly inflated white-collar class, whose real wages are rising rapidly at the expense of the productive workers. These retrograde tendencies have all become more acute since the US bankers took over; at the same time, they have not even succeeded in their basic objective – monetary stability. Inflation jogs along at an average annual 20 per cent clip, and my grubby Chilean currency was looked at with suspicion even in Lima.

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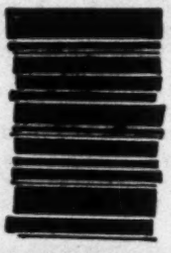

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What, of course, is wrong with Chile is the legacy of the *conquistadors*, the besetting and perennial sin of Latin-America : neglect of the land. Sao Paulo and Brazil have shown – as did Britain in the 18th century – that self-sustaining economic growth can be constructed on a basis of efficient agriculture. In Chile, government and landowners alike treat the land with contempt. Agricultural population has fallen by a third since 1939. Agricultural output is growing by only 1.6 per cent annually, while population increases by nearly two per cent and *per capita* food consumption by 2.3 per cent. As a result, Chile, potentially one of the world's richest agricultural areas, with more than a hectare of cultivable land *per capita*, has become a net importer of food, the cost of which now constitutes a quarter of her import bill.

Why this astonishing anomaly? Because the Chilean social structure virtually prohibits efficient agriculture. Some 86 per cent of the agricultural area is divided into large *fundos*, whose owners find it more profitable to speculate in land than to farm it, still less to invest in it. Alongside them are the even more backward *minifundia*, whose wretched tenants cannot produce enough to feed themselves, let alone purchase a modest entry into the modern consumer civilisation. Between these two groups, every refinement of bad farming is practised – vertical ploughing of sloping land, the fallow system, burning of forests and bush. Only a few miles from Santiago I examined estates whose composition and techniques have scarcely changed since the 17th century – giant colonial houses, with clusters of mud *peon* huts grouped carefully out of smelling distance at the gateway, vast tracts of rich, weed-covered land, an aroma of arrogant decay. The government naturally refuses to dispossess the landowners whom it represents; in any case, abrupt change would offend the iron laws of the Washington bankers. When the recent earthquake, which devastated the south, offered a unique chance for peaceful structural reform – to be financed with the aid which flowed to Chile from all over the world – the government allowed the relief administration to drift into the hands of local dignitaries, mainly big landowners, who have thus been able to buttress their economic position. The peasants got bowls of soup and the odd blanket. A Chilean economist said to me: 'Our earthquakes are nature's revenge on us for the way we treat its riches'. Meanwhile, back in Washington, the bankers wonder why things don't seem to get any better, and resignedly blame it all on the Latin-American temperament.

Peru Drowns its Sorrows

Despite their immense differences, Peru is imprisoned in the same vicious circle as Chile. Here again, the US banker is the real arbiter (the government even went so far as to engage a US business-efficiency firm to tell it how to run the country), bestowing periodic loans – such as $200 million for the vast Toquelala copper project – in return for financial and political orthodoxy. Peru has been in the clutches of the bankers longer than most; as a result, it has more convenient laws for foreign companies and imports than almost anywhere else. In Lima, at the delightful Bolivar Hotel (where colonial service and comfort survive), I got Cooper's Oxford Marmalade for breakfast, and could stroll around the amply-stocked store of Sears-Roebuck (Peru) Inc. Nearby, workmen were erecting a 90-foot Cinerama screen, believed to be the biggest in the world. Across the river was the other side of the story : the diseased warrens of slums; and, once outside the tiny coastal plain, the desolate misery of a man-made lunar landscape.

Peru has some of the richest and most diverse mineral deposits in the world. But three-quarters of its inhabitants are virtually outside the money economy, most of them subsisting on the border-line of starvation. There are very few roads. The most important railway, from Lima to Huancayo, is a mere 260 miles, and has two trains a day each way. The richest part of the country – east of the Andes – is almost uninhabited; to get from its centre, Iquitos, to Lima, goods must be transported via the Amazon and the Panama Canal. The Indians on the high Andean plateau, the old heart of the Inca empire, cohabit with their white and *mestizo* masters in silent, passive hostility, eating a low-calory diet of corn and potatoes and, on every possible occasion, getting drunk on a mixture of *chicha* (fermented corn), raw spirit and urine. Here, as elsewhere in the Andes, the mood is introspective, sullen with despair: the Andean cities have the highest (though statistically unrecorded) suicide-rates in the

world. Where progress has penetrated – in the shape of mining – it has brought with it only concrete hutments for the workers and a ubiquitous veneer of evil grey slime, which smells like death. The Andean mining towns are the most horrific examples of human degradation I have ever seen.

Yet Peru is, nominally, a democracy; in the Apra, it has one of the oldest and most powerful left-wing political movements in the continent. In Lima, Apra headquarters – which nightly supply free dentistry and medical treatment, free drugs, subsidised meals, and classes from basic arithmetic to painting in oils – are a thriving centre of purposeful Socialist activity. But between the Apra and real power a great gulf is fixed. One of its leaders told me frankly: 'If we were elected to power, democratically, and attempted to carry through structural reforms, the army would instantly suspend the constitution and reimpose dictatorship. Instead, at this stage, we must be content to ensure that the democratic forms are observed and work through the conservatives'.

The Myth of the Democratic Left

Here we touch on one of the basic problems of Latin-America. Democracy is largely a facade: even where its ceremonies are tolerated, the army is the ultimate arbiter. In Peru, the left dare not assume power, for fear that it would lose even its formal privileges. Elsewhere, where the left has won elections, the fruits of office have turned into bitter ashes. We have already seen, in Argentina, a so-called extreme left government operating a police tyranny to pursue a policy of deflation dictated by foreign bankers. Much the same could be said of Venezuela, where the triumphant electoral victory of President Betancourt's left-wing *Accion Democratica* has been followed by social stagnation and heart-breaking disillusion.

Indeed, in all the centuries of economic madness which have been Latin-America's bitter lot, the story of post-war Venezuela is outstanding for sheer, stark lunacy. Since the war, this country has become the world's largest exporter and second largest producer of oil, and it has managed to secure a bigger cut of the royalties than any other country except the US itself. Under the crackpot Jimenez régime – which received Washington's benevolent accolade for economic 'realism' – something like £1,000 million were thrown to the winds on a spending spree which makes the Sheik of Kuwait look like a mere treble-chance winner. A vast hydro-electric power station was built, before anyone ascertained whether there would be any demand for it (there wasn't). A steel-works was purchased – without any coke-ovens, and without providing a coke-supply. Near Caracas, jungle mountains were levelled for building-lots for Jimenez and his cronies: their palatial villas now stand, incomplete and desolate, like Ozymandias' trunk.

Cloud-Cuckoo Land

Jimenez' most characteristic folly was the Humboldt Hotel, built on the top of a 7,000-foot mountain overlooking Caracas. This is undoubtedly the most magnificent hotel I have ever been privileged to enter. Unfortunately it can only be reached by a terrifying cable railway, and for a lot of the time its superb views over the city and the Caribbean are obscured in impenetrable, icy cloud. Its sheer, 14 storeys make it look like a desolate lighthouse in thick fog, and only the odd visitor with a morbid obsession for heights and mist cares to stay there. Naturally, it is run (by the state) at an enormous loss.

Betancourt, as the first constitutionally elected president of modern times, inherited the consequences of this profligacy: the highest-cost economy in the world, which is driving Venezuelan oil out of world markets; seven different police forces; a huge, overpaid bureaucracy; inflated armed forces equipped with expensive gadgets like supersonic fighters (he has recently had to placate them by ordering, of all things, a nuclear submarine); and a great sheaf of unpaid bills. Naturally, he stopped work on some of Jimenez' more ludicrous projects, thus immediately swelling Caracas' ugly mob of unemployed, and putting his government in pawn to the army. The collapse of world oil prices has meanwhile knocked the bottom out of the Venezuelan oil boom; new exploration is not merely failing to keep pace with current production, but the two largest oil companies are, for the first time since oil was discovered there, shipping exploration equipment from Venezuela to other theatres. Inevitably, Betancourt, too, was forced to turn to the US for loans, with all that this entails in social and economic stagnation. Basic land-reform has been shelved, a credit-squeeze imposed and unemployment is swelling. The growing anger of the mob can be balanced only by more concessions to the army. The left is split into warring factions. When I

arrived in Caracas, tanks were in the streets, violence in the muggy air. It cost me 10 shillings to buy a glass of milk and from my hotel bedroom (well above Savoy prices, but crawling with cockroaches nevertheless) I could see human bundles of rags littering the streets. And Caracas is the El Dorado of the richest country in Latin-America.

The Significance of Cuba

And so to Cuba. The outlines of Castro's remarkable revolution I have already described in an earlier article. Here, all I need do is to recall its salient characteristics. First, Castro came to power, like Mao Tse-tung, through a peasant revolution which completely obliterated the traditional military establishment in the process. Secondly, he governs through a genuine dictatorship of the proletariat: his rule is arbitrary, its sole – but vital – mandate being the overwhelming support of the majority. Thirdly, he has destroyed the basis of capitalist (chiefly foreign) economic power by seizing, without compensation, all its major units, including the landed estates. Fourthly, he has buttressed his ability to withstand economic pressure by agreements with the Communist bloc.

This combination of factors makes the Cuban experiment unique in Latin-American history. Will the other Latin-American republics be obliged to imitate it? It looks increasingly likely. In my view, barring some fundamental change in United States policy, social democracy – the acquisition of power by constitutionally elected parties of the left – cannot provide an early and effective solution to the really critical problems of the area. In certain states – Costa Rica and Uruguay are two obvious examples – gradualist methods have been applied with real, if limited, success. But both these countries happily possess highly literate and homogenous populations, almost exclusively of European origin; their economic problems are open to clear-cut solutions which can be intelligibly explained to educated electorates. As such, they are exceptional.

No Substitute for Violence?

For most of Latin-America, the choice is more stark. No attempt to solve its basic economic problems can be made without fundamental changes in the social structure. At present, these cannot be brought about through mere electoral victories, since effective legislation requires the assent of the armed forces. Until these vested interests are destroyed – as they were in Cuba – the democratic process remains a farce. Latin-America, therefore, does not really possess the alternative of reformism; its only way to progress is through a genuine revolution, involving the dispossession by confiscation of the propertied classes and their ally, foreign capital. Such a revolution may come about under the influence of *Fidelismo;* but, if it is sufficiently delayed, the entire initiative of change may be thrown into the welcoming hands of the Communists – under the direction not even of accommodating Russia, but of intransigent China.

What can the United States do about this? At present, its policy is heading straight for disaster. In Washington, a fumbling and misinformed State Department – supplied with every conceivable rubbish by the Central Intelligence Agency – assumes without question that *Fidelismo* and Communism are the same thing. This is a momentous error: seen in the future perspective of the Sixties, they

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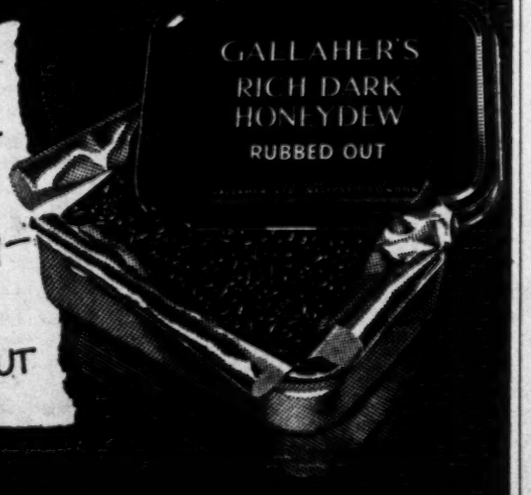

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are natural enemies. To fall into this confusion, and to attempt to destroy *Fidelismo*, will merely consolidate their temporary alliance and make an eventual Communist triumph far more likely.

The first imperative, therefore, is for the US to recognise the true nature of Latin-American nationalism and to adjust their reactions to it accordingly. The second is more positive. The US must realise that it now has no choice but to make itself financially responsible for lifting Latin-America out of the alternating waves of inflation and deflation in which it is drowning. In this sphere, its post-war record has been deplorable. Since 1945, the US has provided, in direct aid, some $31,500 million to the rest of the world, but only $625 million to Latin-America – less than two per cent of the total, less indeed than the Philippines, for example, has received. In addition, loans have totalled $2,500 million, but they have been awarded at the price of accepting economic policies which – as I have explained – cancel out their long-term effects. What is worse, during the last ten years, the collapse of world commodity prices (from which the US, along with the other advanced industrial countries, has drawn immense benefit) has meant a net reduction in the income of Latin-America of over $1,000 million a year – three times as much, in aggregate, as the sum total of aid and loans the area has received during the same period. This is the brutal arithmetic which explains why tens, perhaps hundreds, of millions of Latin-Americans, poor as they are, are getting steadily poorer.

Why Kennedy Must Win

Has the US the vision to recognise this responsibility – before it's too late? Nothing, I fear, can be expected from Eisenhower's Washington, with its frigid bankers peering through their bi-focals at a continent they do not begin to comprehend; our prayers must be that the gathering hysteria to which it is now surrendering does not spill over into a physical assult on Cuba in the next three months. But in January, a new generation will take power in the US. Most Latin-Americans hope it will be a Democrat one. In the bitter history of their relations with the US, they cherish one warm memory: that of Roosevelt and his 'good neighbour' policy. They believe there is a chance that if Kennedy and his young team are elected, Washington will not only accept the political fact of the Cuban revolution, but will draw the correct economic conclusions from it: the need for a continental scheme of assistance on the scale of the Marshall Plan. They must therefore have drawn some comfort from last week's inter-American conference in Bogota, at which for the first time, the US government indicated it was considering this type of aid.

But even if Washington comes to its senses, I have no illusions that the coming transformation of Latin-American will be peaceful. By the sheer vastness of its opportunity, Brazil, I believe, will be able to use the mechanisms of modern capitalism to attain general prosperity without the violent destruction of classes. But this alternative may not be open to most of the continent. The way ahead will often be violent and chaotic. It must be the task of the great powers – especially the US, which has most to gain or lose – to confine this violence to its continental limits; and, within them, to mitigate it by generosity and understanding. The rich nations have a heavy debt to repay to the continent they so wantonly plundered.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A Cambridge Apostle

KINGSLEY MARTIN

It takes some of the shine off Oxford and Cambridge men when they are reminded that the top figures of modern England in politics, art and literature did not go to any university. Lloyd George, Churchill, Bevin, Bevan, Shaw, Wells, Hardy, Bennett, Conrad, Chesterton, Henry Moore, Epstein – none of these sang, swanned or swotted in medieval cloisters. Most of them had to make their own way. Where the Oxbridge men scored was in sharing their formative years; when they were serious and able they made a joint impact with tradition behind it. They rubbed their ideas against each other, formed cliques and fought similarly entrenched opponents. In the experimental sciences this collaboration was taken for granted. Where they formed close societies in the more speculative branches of thought, they naturally made enemies, and were open to the charge, often unfairly made by jealous outsiders, of arrogance, exclusiveness and self-complacency.

One difference between the Oxford and Cambridge groups has been enshrined in an epigram that is less silly than most. The Oxford man, it is said, walks about as if the world belongs to him and the Cambridge man as if he doesn't care a hoot to whom it belongs. Certainly clever young Oxford men have tended to become rulers and managers and manipulators, while their Cambridge counterparts at King's and Trinity are more often detached from institutions, concerned to create ideas rather than empires, to exert influence rather than exercise power. To test this generalisation, read the biographies of a score of men from Jowett and Milner down to Dawson of *The Times* and learn how far the Establishment has been run from Balliol and All Souls; compare this glittering procession of titles, office and success with the records of the group of Cambridge friends of whom Leonard Woolf writes in his *Autobiography**. They include Bertrand Russell, G. E. Moore, Keynes, Lytton Strachey, E. M. Forster and Desmond MacCarthy – to name only a few whose disturbing and creative influence is great and indisputable.

Few of these remarkable men took a direct part in political life. Leonard Woolf himself was exceptional in working with the Fabians who provided the third main intellectual current in the England of yesterday. But that story awaits his next volume. The present one takes him from childhood to 1904, when, straight from Cambridge and not yet engaged to Virginia Stephen, he sailed as a civil servant for Ceylon. He returned to England before the 1914 war, and did not revisit Ceylon until 1960, when, in his eightieth year, he discovered, to his surprise, that he was still remembered there as a cherished friend and that his novel *The Village in the Jungle*, inadequately acclaimed in England, is recognised in independent Ceylon as the classic that it is.

The core of this book, and indeed, I think, of Leonard Woolf's career, is his memory of Cambridge between 1899 and 1904. He writes that he was 'never again quite so happy or quite so miserable' as he was in these five years. He conveys to us the happiness, not the misery. He was a member of the Apostles, a remarkable society of Cambridge thinkers that has kept its secrets surprisingly well for the last hundred and thirty years.

The Apostles are much more than a discussion and debating society. They form an intimate association of graduates and undergraduates which continues through their lives and they are bound together by irreverence to all established creeds, recognising 'absolute candour as the only duty that the tradition of the society enforced.' It was their total lack of reverence that outraged D. H. Lawrence; it made him, he said, black with fury. But they were immune, secure in their comradeship of free-minded men. 'We were intellectuals,' writes Mr Woolf, 'intellectuals with three genuine and, I think, profound passions; a passion for friendship, a passion for literature and music (it is significant that the plastic arts come a good deal later), and a passion for what we called the truth.'

The mental life of the Apostles in Mr Woolf's period was dominated by the philosopher, G. E. Moore, of whom he gives a beautiful and loving picture. Describing the attitude of the Apostles at this period he explains that he differs in one important respect from the analysis of his contemporary, Maynard Keynes. He denies that the Apostles were 'immoralists', aloof from public affairs, superficial idealists, naively content with their private world. He proves that this is not a fair description of himself. The criticism that I should make, writing as an outsider who has known many of these Apostles and often pondered on their immense and subtle influence, is that they suffered from a lack of facts. With their emphasis on the supreme value of human relations, they were early British forerunners of the Existentialists. Their attitude to life and to each other is best portrayed in the early works of E. M. Forster. Those I have known well were none of them scientists, historians, anthropologists or psychologists; they were philosophers, classicists and mathematicians. They cared intensely for the good, the true and the beautiful, but they did not understand or greatly concern themselves with the forces that drive society or people. Their sunshine was unclouded; neither Marx nor Freud muddied the clear flow of wit and reason.

Mr Woolf's glowing account of this fellowship of youth when all the world was new, when every book was another blow at the conventions of Victorianism, takes on, in retrospect, the gleam of a golden age. Like the fifth-century Greeks, with Moore as Socrates, they explored the world of thought and knowledge, without fear or shame or responsibility. Lowes Dickinson, an older member of the same group, had this comparison of Cambridge and Athens in mind all his life: it is reflected in the titles of his books and dialogues – *A Modern Symposium*, the *Greek Way of Life* and *The Meaning of Good*. Similarly in Mr Woolf's books, one finds the Athens of Pericles praised as the ideal which modern society might have gradually approached had it not been for the catastrophe of 1914 and all that sprang from it. The fact that fifth-century Athens and twentieth-century Britain were both based on class war and imperialism did not disturb the Apostles in 1904. But the fight for individual liberty they recognised as their own. The challenge of their period was the Dreyfus case. The future of civilisation seemed to depend on victory over race prejudice and the military mind. For Mr Woolf the Dreyfus case was what the Spanish war was for many of us a generation later.

Some readers of this book will complain of Mr Woolf's excessive rationalism. I should rather put it that in pursuit of the life of reason he, like Bertrand Russell, takes too little account of the vast iceberg of irrationality that is only superficially touched by logic and argument. He complains, bitterly and rightly, of the irrationality of human beings and then assumes that the only cure is an appeal to a rationality that by hypothesis is not there to respond. Nothing pleases me more than his frank dismissal of religious pretences. The book opens splendidly with a statement that he came from nowhere and resents the prospect of future non-existence. But when he says that he frankly finds it incomprehensible that a woman of Mrs Sidney Webb's distinction of mind should pray to a God in whose existence she cannot really have believed, he seems to me to be merely admitting that he has not explored deeply enough. I too discussed religion and prayer with Mrs Webb; there was nothing else she so liked to talk about. Having a religious temperament and, unlike Sidney, profound inner conflicts that she could not deal with by reason, she used God – or so it always seemed to me – as a technique of meditation and dedication, very much after the manner of some Buddhists who accept the concept of God for a period, using it to give objectivity to the Good they desire, but knowing it is a prop that they may some day discard. Mr Woolf's arguments with Mrs Webb on these matters were very fierce; having seen her fierce myself, I was not surprised to learn that on one occasion she argued herself right out of her skirt and went on arguing as if nothing had happened.

Woolf's detestation of all authoritarian and institutionalised religion includes the

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**Sowing: an Autobiography of the Years 1880 to 1904*. By LEONARD WOOLF. *Hogarth*. 21*s*.

modern religion of Communism. He hates Communism, even more, if possible, than Catholicism. 'When I was a young man, Karl Marx and the Russian Communists had not yet invented the international political lunatic asylum of twentieth-century Communism in which intelligent people can, in the name of humanity, satisfy animosities and salve their consciences.' It is true, of course, that all revolutionary movements attract disappointed and angry people. But here again Mr Woolf is content with a negative. If 'intelligent people' found something more than hatred and self-deception in Communism, was it not possible that there was some truth in Marx which had escaped Mr Woolf?

When I attempt to analyse the reasons for my many verbal disputes with friends among the Apostles, they all seem to boil down to my having accepted in my Cambridge days an historical analysis which the Apostles contemptuously swept aside. This, I think, unhistorical attitude was the real weakness of the Apostles. In 1900 they were unaware that they already lived in an international lunatic asylum. They believed that they were on the edge of world civilisation, which Mr Woolf still seems to believe was irresponsibly destroyed by some individuals or governments. What the Marxists did was to analyse the international lunatic asylum, not to invent one. Their generalisations were of course only half-truths, but they did not invent the class war and they were right in trying to understand it. Similarly Mr Woolf did not invent the international jungle whose existence some of the Apostles only discovered in 1914 when an abyss suddenly appeared in the buttercup fields on the Backs. He analysed it, and wrote the first of the books on International Government that led to the League of Nations, and having discovered the evils of imperialism too he wrote another admirable book to show how it worked in Africa.

This is a splendid and honest book. It is not all about the Apostles and their ideas. The early part delightfully describes Mr Woolf's childhood. In passing, there are excellent stories such as that of the teacher on whose head Leonard's pet budgerigar used to perch, completely fascinating the boys who waited for the moment when the bird would mess the master's bald patch, whereupon he would wipe his head with blotting paper without interrupting the flow of his discourse. Mr Woolf calls this volume 'Sowing'. The next should give us a ripe harvest; it should include Ceylon and the 1914 war, the oddities of Ramsay MacDonald and Mr Woolf's analysis of the seeds of muddle in the Labour Party.

CIVIL DEFENCE FRAUD

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ROBERT GRAVES

Astigmatism

No doubt the mountain and the lake may be
symbolic too, but they exist outside
the mind's eye and the brain's topography.

The two peaks take the sun like languid
whales,
their blunt snouts to the south, and in the
trough
between the steep flanks and the trailing tails

the lake discreetly swims towards the pole.
But why in images? And if so, why
should sharp, antarctic figures play this role

upon the consciousness, transmuting Wales
into a Melville sea-scape? Who marks out
the honest eye in these distorting scales?

RAYMOND GARLICK

Play and Audience

Shakespeare's Comedies. BY BERTRAND EVANS. *Oxford. 42s.*

In Shakespeare's plays the audience knows more about what is going on than do the participants. Shakespeare exploits this superiority of awareness. He puts the audience in a privileged position, above that of any of the characters; he does not conceal information in order to spring a surprise in the last act. The denouement is for the benefit of the *dramatis personæ;* it has nothing to expose to *us;* it only closes the gap between the characters' awareness and ours. We know that Viola's twin-brother, Sebastian, is walking about the streets of the Illyrian town and all will be well: that Hero is chaste and Dogberry and the Watch have the calumniators in charge; that Helena is arranging to fulfil the apparently impossible conditions of her husband, Bertram, and so on. He lets us into all secrets, and gets his effects by letting us share the plot and apprehend precisely the different kinds of half-knowledge and ignorance in which the characters act: Cymbeline's two sons are alive in the mountains, though he thinks they are lost for ever; Imogen is alive, though Posthumus thinks she is dead; Posthumus is alive, though Imogen thinks he is dead. Shakespeare creates situations of extraordinary complexity between the awareness of the audience and that of the participants.

Such is the theme of Mr Evans's book. The technique he analyses is not, of course, peculiar to Shakespeare. It is *one* of the methods of dramatists and novelists of all times. What is remarkable, however, is the probably unique consistency with which (as Mr Evans demonstrates) Shakespeare uses it. In the comedies there are only two important exceptions. In *The Comedy of Errors* the audience is until the last scene denied the knowledge that Aemilia the abbess of Ephesus is the long-lost wife of Aegeon and the mother of Antipholuses; but this is one of Shakespeare's prentice plays. The other exception is more striking. In *The Winter's Tale* there is no hint before the fifth act that Hermione has been kept alive. Shakespeare 'wilfully serves us false information' about her death 'with the clear intention that we believe it'. The outspoken truthful character of Paulina, Leontes's allusion to the dead bodies of his wife and son, the ghostly apparition of Hermione to Antigonus in a dream, the absence in the Delphic oracle of any hint about Hermione's resurrection – all these things persuade us that Hermione is supposed to be dead at the end of Act III. This 'deliberate deception' of the audience, unparalleled in Shakespeare's dramaturgy, lends some support to the theory (not mentioned by Mr Evans) that Shakespeare changed his mind when he came to the fifth act of the play and, without revising the early part, brought Hermione to life.

In his discussion of Shakespeare's 'exploitation of multiple discrepancies in awareness', Mr Evans succeeds best with those plays which have a complex 'intrigue', where one set of characters is engaged in a 'practice' upon others – whether malevolent (as Don John's upon Hero), benevolent (as Duke Vincentio's upon Angelo and Isabella), hilarious (as Maria's upon Malvolio and Rosalind's upon Orlando), or expedient (as Viola's in Illyria). He gets into difficulties with *Troilus and Cressida* (treated as a comedy), where Shakespeare does not seem to be following his own principles of construction, and he amusingly reveals the usual failing of critics of the play: he can scarcely resist the impulse to rewrite it according to the principles of what he imagines to be 'art'. 'The management of the entire practice shows faults such as Shakespeare does not commit except in this play.' These are not the words of Dryden or Nahum Tate, but of Mr Evans. He is distressed that Shakespeare seems to rely upon extra-dramatic knowledge of the story for his effects. (But how else could Shakespeare write about the famous Tale of Troy?) He complains that the scene of the parting of the lovers 'does not forewarn us that Cressida will be false. Perhaps this is the greatest single fault of many great faults in the play'. One can only retort that, generally speaking, Shakespeare refrains from being a bore. 'Tis a fault I will not change for another author's best virtue.

It is a somewhat laboured book (we are promised another on the histories and the tragedies); but not difficult to anyone who knows the plays fairly well. It is a genuine work of criticism; that is to say, Mr Evans is recognisably referring to the artefacts of an actor-theatreowner-playwright of great subtlety, shrewdness, and sensitivity, and not to Shakespeare's soul or the soul of his age. He helps us to understand something that the antiquarians, the symbolisers, the image-

hunters, the character-analysts, and the purveyors of Shakespearean wisdom, fail to explain: why, after more than two and a half centuries, the plays continue not only to enjoy the approbation of the learned but also to enthrall unsophisticated theatregoers. The secret is audience-control. I think that Mr Evans has written the most important book on Shakespeare's *plays* that has appeared for many years.

TERENCE SPENCER

Neo-Sahibs and Proto-Sahibs

Islands of the Marigold Sun. By SURESH VAIDYA. *Hale.* 18*s.*

In Quest of a Mermaid. By J. H. WILLIAMS. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

'Who did you murder, Dadoo Lal?' It's not such a preposterous question to ask when you meet a stranger in the Andaman Islands, for most of the inhabitants are ex-members of the old British convict settlement or their descendants. (Once a month a sort of marital Paul Jones was held, in which the male convicts were lined up in front of the female convicts and paired off roughly according to their taste; with a life sentence ahead of you it must have been a frightening experience, but the marriage wasn't legal and if it went wrong you could call it off and have another stab next month.)

Suresh Vaidya complains that the Andamans are a miserably undocumented corner of the world, but his own book, clumsy and artless by the standards of other island travel books, does little to suggest that the omission was really such a tragedy. Where do the sahibs go when the Raj goes away? Mr Vaidya, who stepped off the boat that brought him from Madras with a pair of rifles slung over his shoulder, supplies the answer; very soon he was out after teal and turtles and crocodiles, returning to supper (tomato soup and blancmange) with government officials and pumping them for facts about the islands. His information he passes on mostly by means of dialogue, but he never quite manages to make it sound as if anybody actually spoke it, and the final solecism occurred at a rare tribal ceremony in the Nicobar Islands when he stopped the proceedings because the light had become too weak for his colour photography. However there are occasional plums – a tribe which prefers to smoke its tobacco crushed into the claw of a crab, and gory instructions on how to castrate a Nicobari cockerel. And there is the rest: 'Instantly my faithful Mauser spoke . . .'

If Mr Vaidya is a neo-sahib, the late Colonel J. H. Williams was the prototype through and through: 'I drew a bead on it and fired; he finished his stride, but it was his last.' There is all the difference in the world. This is the authentic jungle man speaking, a man who can toss off such things as 'I have known hungry pythons seize and swallow a human baby' and 'she was the hottest bit of stuff I ever knew, a clean short-haired fox terrier' so lightly that one is not startled to hear the Colonel aver that in the jungle a dog is far better company than a man. He begins this book of stories with one about a mermaid he once caught with a boathook in the Andamans, but because he was a sportsman, and because she reminded him so

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strongly of certain women he had met he quickly threw her back. The rest of the book is devoted to the Burmese jungle, in which he spent a lifetime working for a teak company.

Oozies, nats, padoos, bawdi bins – what they all are doesn't really matter; they are the pickles and chutneys to flavour a curry that is already pretty spicy. It is as if the Colonel's ghost had drifted into the bar of the old Chummery where he and his fellow jungle men used to live when they were not on tour in the forest, and collared everyone around to listen to his tales. 'It was, you can understand, a very odd sensation, like finding on a drawing-room carpet the pug-marks of a tiger' – and even if you were not the sort of person to inhabit the Chummery, you would probably understand. With only a whisky bottle and a bundle of old *Tatlers* for entertainment, an imaginative jungle man could acquire a fine stock of stories, particularly in a country so full of superstitions and phantoms.

The last in the book is about a hunk of jade which he brought home from Burma on his retirement after the war, and which ended up in his wife's rockery in Cornwall, the tombstone of a vanished age; and the best is a Poe-esque tale about a river which disappeared into a tunnel and reappeared two miles away, on the far side of the mountains; teak logs had been thrown in at the top, and elephants had fallen in, but nothing had ever emerged at the other end, until one day Kayem, determined to discover the secret of the tunnel, stripped off his clothes, stubbed out his cigarette, climbed on to a boulder, and dived in.

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Father Tiber

The World of Rome. BY MICHAEL GRANT. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 42*s.*

With the easy grace of a considerable scholar who is also a book-a-year man, Dr Michael Grant accepts the whole epoch of Rome for his assignment in this 35-volume History of Civilisation. His method is to make a swift historical sketch and then to select achievements and activities that seem fundamental to our understanding of the Roman world.

How did the Romans gain and hold their empire? We are given no more than a hint of the military training and tactics that gobbled up new provinces in a couple of seasons; but an excellent account of the relationship between ruler and ruled. If the Republic had not fallen to the power of the Caesars it must have been undermined by the corruption of provincial government. Cicero (how one hates him in youth but admires him in middle-age) found that the great soul of Brutus had exacted 48 per cent interest from the Cypriots, while Verres prised open Sicily like a delinquent emptying a juke-box. It is a far cry to the panegyric of Aelius Aristides, 200 years later: 'Homer said, "Earth common to all", and Rome has made it come true.' This, or something rather less rosy, had been accomplished by the extension of responsible city-state government throughout the empire. I had not realised that the name of democracy had retained its glamour. Plutarch suggests that it should be decorously rigged:

> The statesmen when they come to the Assembly ought not all to express the same opinion, but two or three of the friends should dissent and quietly speak on the other side, then change their opinion as if they had been convinced.

In fact the common people continued at Rome just above subsistence level, in the provinces often below it. The wealth produced by slaves was firmly channelled into the coffers of the rich. We should not wonder at the failure of the Roman rulers to apply Greek science to industrial machinery. They did not need it. But it is remarkable how slowly Europe returned to science after the abolition of serfdom.

No doubt the Romans were to blame in leaving to posterity a heavy load of irrationalism. After a period of gross efficiency in transforming their sense of the numinous into a set of formulae for national confidence the way was wide open for the religions of salvation that flowed 'like Orontes into the Tiber'. They were an escape from the domination of chance. The Greek mind could escape through the exercise of intelligence. But the Romans were on the whole extremely badly educated: some were literate, a few were trained in rhetoric, 'an art which excluded observation and experience, destroyed curiosity and blunted distinctions between the true and the false'. Thus it came about that the religion which offered escape from chance into a brotherhood of love was encumbered with an anti-intellectual reliance on revelation in practical matters and a truly Roman respect for the status quo.

The very few who were educated in Greek philosophy turned, like other practical empire-builders, to self-conscious and self-critical writing, pouring their emotions into words highly controlled by a father-respect for the Latin language. It was far more powerful than their race. By AD 100 it seems that 90 per cent of the population of Rome was non-Italian of slave origin. We may feel a Celtic freedom in the impressionism of silver age writers, an African flamboyance in Apuleius; but rhetoric, which is also the art of expressing emotion, pulled Augustine back to Cicero and Aldhelm to Lucretius. Untrained in the other arts and not deigning to practise them – painting was a form of manual labour – the Romans were voracious patrons. They had the verist style of portrait-sculpture created as their own form of genre; and the poetic mystery of the frescoes with which they adorned their houses shows a gentle, a Virgilian, taste in painting.

Dr Grant's chapter on literature is perfunctory, as though he disdained to summarise a good book he has already written, but he makes up with a stimulating survey of the philosophers. He is admirable and very well illustrated on architecture and painting, but wrong to omit mosaic, for this is an art which can be applied to contemporary techniques of building. Social life and entertainment are also regrettably absent. Gladiators get in to illustrate the streak of sadism which is sure to lurk in an intensely father-centred civilisation. But no dinner-parties (except that fiendish one between Propertius and two tarts), no cooking and no wine. We can find these things in Carcopino's *Daily Life in Ancient Rome*, and return with admiration to Dr Grant's swift and swirling account of *Romanitas*, 'unique, terrible, and rich in allurements and astonishments.'

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Better Farms

A New Earth. BY ELSPETH HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 30*s.*

Uganda. BY HAROLD INGRAMS. *HMSO.* 30*s.*

The Asians of East Africa. BY L. W. HOLLINGSWORTH. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Elspeth Huxley's latest book is about the consolidation of land in Kenya into individual ownership, as a means of reclaiming it from exhaustion and increasing its carrying-power of crops, stock and people. She writes, as usual, very brightly. One bumps around Kenya with her in the Landrover, carried along by her energy, if not by her mannish interest in the details of AID, which tribeswomen make the best prostitutes, and so on. Her descriptions of scenery and heat are brilliant. Engulfed in those enormous tracts, with sweat smarting on sunburnt skin, and hearing about the limitless vistas of human difficulties stretching in front of the agricultural officers who are showing you round, you gradually succumb to her mood of confirmed paternalism. But there's the rub. So long as it is 'Mr Matson', the (European) health officer, but plain 'Mason, the interpreter' and 'Gilbert', the instructor, there is always going to be a gulf of misunderstanding and mistrust which, in fact, explains Mrs Huxley's parallel theme – the uselessness and irrelevance for Kenya's real problems of nationalist politicians and their nationalism.

Mrs Huxley shows convincingly how a great variety of hard work has by now revolutionised ideas about the land problem. If holdings are not *too* small, nonetheless relatively small ones – *e.g.* 12 acres – can in many parts of Kenya support not only a family but many other workers – labourers and auxiliaries – besides. Overpopulation as such is theoretically no longer the immediate problem. The real danger lies in the temptation to subdivide plots for one's children or

to break essential rules – sticking to stock limits, not picking more than 'one bud and two leaves' per tea sprig, etc. – which can mean the difference between moderate prosperity and ultimate starvation. Will these temptations be resisted when Kenya is governed by Africans? Everywhere 'Better Farmers' – the new 'middle-class' ballast for the ship of democracy? – assured her that they saw the dangers. 'Visitors' flannel – they mean to subdivide', was the laconic comment of one European officer. Discerningly, another thought his efforts would be wasted because consolidation had been *imposed* – not everywhere, but widely. Mrs Huxley for her own part feels equivocal about Progress; she can see the traditionalists' point of view too. All that is lacking, one feels, is equal sympathy for the educated young men who, if there is no subdivision, cannot become Better Farmers even if they want to, and whose nationalism has at least something to do with the fact that no attractive alternative has so far been provided by colonial rule.

Mr Ingrams's second contribution to the 'Corona' series of popular but sound introductions to the colonies is good of its kind – modest but personal and forthright, a bit scrappy but not chatty. He does not make the mistake of thinking Uganda's problems are unique and his judgments are sane and shrewd. There are odd touches of the 'old' colonial administrator here and there, but light ones too, such as his comment on the fact that bride-price among the backward and naked Karamojong is the highest in Uganda: 'You can of course see what you are buying.'

Dr Hollingworth's excellent short study of Indian penetration and achievement in East Africa does that community a valuable service. Some of his statistics and political details are a bit dated but his book ought to help dispel the ignorance and prejudice which have too often coloured British attitudes towards this in many ways very 'British' people.

COLIN LEYS

Objets d'Art

The Goncourt Brothers. BY ANDRÉ BILLY. Trans. MARGARET SHAW. *Deutsch.* 30*s.*

It is always right and proper to talk about the Goncourts – *banal et décent* are Remy de Gourmont's words – they are collectors' pieces. 'We are two: *he and I*, egotism in a fraternity of minds', Jules wrote in the *Journal* of Edmond and himself, 'but two brains, souls, spirits, riveted together even in self-conceit.' They had the faculty, he said, of getting the luck on their side, faking the cards, loading the dice and regarding the neighbours as absurd marionettes. They were a pair of vanities devoted to each other and bound by art. How did they nourish their isolation? Misogyny, Jules said, was their principle. They had disposed of women by cutting that item down to an hygienic hour a day, five days a week. And the price? As the years went by, as they sat behind their monocles, smoking fiendishly, dissecting themselves, fussing, maligning and complaining – boredom; and the annoyance of seeing writers hamstrung by marriage or concubinage become more famous than themselves.

M André Billy has done an exhaustive life of the two brothers and one that is far more sympathetic than one would expect in the present decline of their reputation. The *Life* indeed is *too* detailed. Their petulance cannot stand so much spinning out. Even so, this English translation has been cut. The

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Journal is their best *Life:* others really saw little of their lives beyond the contrarieties. They were true men of letters, a type now almost extinct; their insectile eyes were directed upon prey from a centre of exquisite inanition. They were all observation. They were enormities in little and (as M. Billy points out in their defence) a most curious manifestation of the absolute pre-eminence to which literature attained in the France of the nineteenth century. Morals and politics were subordinated to it. Outside of literature, nothing existed; it provided – they were determined – the only fame or immortality worth having. And, in fact, they ensured in a practical way that they would not be forgotten: Edmond left their fortune for the foundation of the Académie Goncourt. Their name is guaranteed a yearly revival.

The 'case' of the Goncourts is more interesting than their lives. They assumed the status of aristocrats without, however, denying they were of bourgeois stock. Their father died early in their lives and they were brought up by an adored mother. Very early on the two brothers became like inseparable lovers. They wrote together, they thought the same thoughts, they frequently spoke the same sentences in unison. At one time they shared the same mistress. Their differences of character were harmonious. Edmond was more Germanic than Latin, dispassionate, taciturn, reserved, mature, less of an artist than Jules whom he worshipped. Jules was pert, whimsical, malicious, imaginative and full of zest. Edmond was the handsome man, Jules the pretty boy. Their life together was like a perversely prolonged childhood and it was Edmond who had to find the strength to bear it alone for 40 years after Jules's death.

The distinction of the Goncourts is to have made an aesthetic periscope with which they could devote themselves to collecting the kind of observation French naturalism depended on. They were experts in documentation, though this was to mean mainly the clinical exposure of the sights and circumstances that society likes to keep secret. There is often a gleeful hatred and freakishness in their reports. Bold in confession about themselves, especially about their coldness, they also have a tenderness towards themselves that they do not consistently show to a Flaubert, Zola, a Sainte-Beuve or a Turgenev. They are childishly cross; they are ungrateful friends, touchy and arrogant to a degree. It is generally agreed that, for all their gifts of seeing and hearing, they were not cut out to be novelists, and one can see that their temperament was not apt for making anything of life or for the act of transferring it whole to the imagination. Novels are not written by *voyeurs* but by people involved – and often helplessly – with living. But it is wrong to deny the Goncourts imagination altogether. Many victims who read the *Journals* as these appeared – they still have not been published in their entirety and must contain much that is scabrous – complained that the Goncourts were bad observers who misreported because of a chronic refusal to see and listen. This surely indicates a power of creative fantasy. The fact is that the Goncourts were visually imaginative about 'real life' as long as others lived it; a life for which their upbringing had unfitted them. Their eyes were their prison. Miss Shaw's translation seems to be better than some have reported it to be; if it weakens anywhere, it is occasionally in the tone of the Goncourts' own writing, not in M. Billy's.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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A Theologian in Politics

Nations and Empires. By REINHOLD NIEBUHR. *Faber.* 25*s.*

The Thought of Reinhold Niebuhr. By GORDON HARLAND. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

Reinhold Niebuhr is America's foremost political theologian – rarer creatures unhappily than political prelates – and his life work refutes the myth that Christian theology has nothing to say to the contemporary world. However secular his interests, Niebuhr is primarily a Christian theologian, and a fortunate publishing coincidence has made it possible for the general reader, by consulting Mr Harland's clear and well-constructed compendium of Niebuhr's thought, to place his latest political study in its appropriate conceptual framework. *Nations and Empires* is a learned, incisive, and illuminating book, which analyses the two structures which have been constants in man's political life, the integral community of nation or city state, and the wider combination of community and dominion, the empire. By tracing the pattern of their relationship in history, Dr Niebuhr aims to throw some new light on how the problems caused by the current clash of the American and Soviet imperial systems may be solved.

Paradoxically, both contemporary empires vigorously repudiate the charge of imperialism and profess to believe it an outmoded system; yet both practise it in varying degrees. Dr Niebuhr's analysis of Russian imperialism is more profound than his consideration of its American counterpart. Like Professor Talmon he stresses the Utopian and messianic character of Marxism, the pseudo-scientific version of a religious absolute; but he goes beyond Talmon to condemn it as a manifestation of the ultimate evil in man. This he traces, like Augustine, not to bodily passions, but to the inordinate desire of the finite self to hide its contingency, and make claims of virtue, wisdom and power, beyond its competence as a creature. The United States, he thinks, on the other hand, has a past 'innocent' of imperialism. But what of the westward expansion? This was no less imperialist for being exercised over neighbouring territory which was subsequently integrally absorbed. The imperialism of economic penetration hardly rates a mention. And, if he underestimates American imperialism, he exaggerates that of Britain, which was an effective political force for only half a century. Yet here he makes some shrewd observations, both on the benefits of British imperialism in India where, by creating a common resentment and common institutions, the foundations for the future nation were laid, and on its major failing of racial arrogance, which he categorises as the great collective sin of the Western world.

Niebuhr is a thoroughgoing political realist, recognising that all politics are power politics, adjustments of conflicting interests. The Marshall plan, because it judiciously combined self-interest and altruism, was one of the United States' major post-war political triumphs. He castigates liberal democracy's vague ideal of a community of nations, whose futility was evidenced by the League, as a disastrous weakness, and is equally caustic about those who regard the United Nations as a super-government instead of a forum for international diplomacy. World-government enthusiasts come in for some harsh criticism for their delusion that a world community can be created by an act of will without any previous organic growth. He warns his fellow countrymen against the resentments aroused by pretensions to superior virtue, and the dangers of an attitude of moral abhorrence of despotism which makes it impossible to adapt to political and strategic realities. He exposes the root of the pacifist error, which treats war and armaments as though they were separate entities existing apart from historical situations.

Niebuhr's political realism stems from his view of man the individual, and even more man the collective, as deeply scarred by sin. The individual may effectively realise the Christian law of love, but never the community, a point he dramatically highlighted in the title of a famous, earlier work, *Moral Man and Immoral Society.* No nation or society, he points out, has ever sacrificed itself for another. What, then, in the role of Christianity in politics? Clearly there is no one Christian society, nor can Niebuhr stomach the vague, sentimental exhortations to personal moral reform characteristic of so much American protestantism. Political problems are as intractable for the Christian as the agnostic, but Christianity does strengthen democracy by providing a doctrinal basis for the dignity of man; at the same time, by stressing his sinfulness, it points to the paramount necessity for checks on the exercise of political power. As a transcendent faith it directs the nation's attention to other than purely national interests, such as those of the civilisation of which it forms part.

Niebuhr makes no promises for the future. He sees some possibility of a thaw in the Communist ice age, but also points to the entrenched character of the international Communist bureaucracy whose position may

well depend on the continuance of Soviet dominance. About a nuclear holocaust he is pessimistic, but this is hardly justified by his general position. World peace no longer rests on the insubstantial foundations of liberal idealism, but on the bedrock of the fundamental instinct of self-preservation. This was the factor limiting the Korean and Suez conflicts, which in a pre-atomic age would certainly have kindled a general conflagration. The horror of a nuclear calamity may well prove to be the means of bridging the chasm between the rival ideologies.

NORMAN ST JOHN-STEVAS

After Gandhi

Nehru — the Years of Power. By VINCENT SHEEAN. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

The years of power – but where to arrest the still moving record? There was that moment, early in 1958, when fresh ribbons must have been put into more than one biographical typewriter. But 'the will of the people spoke clearly', writes Mr Sheean, and the 'trial retirement' was abandoned. Two years later the Indian Prime Minister in his 71st year seems to an American who has seen a good deal of him over the past 12 years to be at the very height of his powers.

The impression is not Mr Sheean's alone. If it is correct, it may be reasonable to interpret it in the light of challenge and response. The linked problems of Tibet and the frontier, pushed into crisis from March 1959, provided a field of test for theories and attitudes that were beginning to seem academic. If the Chinese Communists had wanted to force Nehru to declare himself they could hardly have chosen a better way. Indeed, there are some grounds for believing that that is what they did want, when once the Dalai Lama had fled.

Nehru responded with vigour and also with some subtlety. The resultant gain in Western sympathy for his politics and his country's position was not, or should not have been, applause for an act of crossing the floor. If anything it was from Chinese eyes, rather than Nehru's, that the scales had fallen, though one can believe Mr Sheean when he says that 'no Indian of my acquaintance is the same today as he was before March 1959.' One of the crudest of the Peking-Delhi communications last year invited India point-blank to join the Cold War and the anti-imperialist crusade. The brief and crushing reply took occasion to refer to the bases of the Indian policy of non-alignment and included an acknowledgment to Gandhi. There is not one of the elements of Nehru's political thinking, as Mr Sheean sets them forth, which has not had its dramatic moments for deployment in debate, formal or informal, during the past 16 months. The internal problem of Kerala was affected (Mr Sheean believes vitally affected) by the new look of Communist China.

In their essence, however, the decisions required were just those which could test the Indian constitution and the political education of the nation at large. Mr Nehru, after all, has something to live for. No wonder he looks well as he canters into the third Five-Year Plan. He has always been one for taking his fences as he comes to them, and behind him the disasters that didn't happen make an impressive score. His 'hard-bought confidence' is pointed by Mr Sheean with a Nehru quotation on the earthquake of killing and spoliation in 1947-48: 'The worst had already happened, right at the beginning.'

That was just before Mr Sheean reached India, in time to witness the murder of Gandhi whose inspiration had drawn him there. He opens his present book in the garden at Birla House on an anniversary dawn, with the silent group joined by the Prime Minister, 'the non-Gandhian Gandhian' – or, as the argument develops, the 'evolutionary extension of Gandhi's genius.' There is much to sustain this idea, so much that it deserves a fuller analysis than it in fact receives. The years of power have been years of politics, not alone of the impact of Jawaharlal Nehru's remarkable personality. The initial alignment of forces, while Sardar Patel was alive and the radical Gandhians were establishing their extrapolitical nucleus, does not appear. Nor, at the end of the book, are we in a position to assess the Keep Left pressure on Mr Nehru and the degree of his response to it. On the Right the Swatantara Party had only just been formed, when Mr Sheean finished his book, and his 'Rajaji' is a gentle and philosophic elder statesman. What are the real forces at work today? Mr Sheean does not tell us.

Perhaps his title arouses the wrong expectations. It is only fair to say that he is in no competition with Mr Brecher of McGill, whose considerable 'political biography' of Mr Nehru appeared last year. The present study is a very personal one, something in the style of a travel book directed primarily towards Mr Sheean's compatriots and often, it must seem, over-defensive in face of popular misunderstandings or criticisms. One is disarmed by the author's readiness to concede the limitations of his study, which is amiably presented and leaves one with ideas to ponder.

It leaves one, also, with the tang of Mr

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Degas Ballet Dancers. Introduction by LILLIAN BROWSE. (*Folio Society*)

Dr Johnson, as always, had an observation on the subject. 'Promise,' he said, 'large promise, is the soul of an advertisement'. In his day, the obligation to fulfil such promise was purely a moral one; today, it is legal as well.

So when you see, for example, an advertisement promising you a book of seventy reproductions of Degas ballet dancers—free—you can be sure it *is* free. And—though even the most intensive research has failed to trace this next dictum to the illustrious Doctor—'a book is a book is a book'; your reproductions, therefore, are bound within sturdy covers.

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A brief description of the Society might not be out of place here. Membership entails no more than ordering four books in the year out of a varied list of almost sixty titles—there are no hidden charges, and no subscription.

Members are able to buy copies of great and lesser classics, beautifully printed, finely designed, bound often in the luxuriously gold-tooled style which was once the prerogative of royal libraries—and all at a price no higher than ordinary books. Many of these editions are illustrated with superb historical prints, but as many again contain the work of famous modern artists—Michael Ayrton and Mervyn Peake, Cecil Beaton and Salvador Dali.

In the Society's list are none of last year's transient best-sellers. Instead, it concentrates on the great books of the world and on some of the more fascinating byways of literature and history—including several historical documents of the first importance, which have never before been published. Balzac, Smollett and Shakespeare rub shoulders with Herodotus and O. Henry; *The Golden Ass* and *The Prisoner of Zenda* are there, as are an early Spaniard's description of the land of El Dorado, an eye-witness account of *The Trial of Charles I*, a contemporary *Life of Thomas Becket*, a Burmese *Life of the Buddha*, and the *Sonnets of Michel-angelo*, illustrated with his own drawings.

And so, back to those Degas reproductions! Each year, the Society produces one book that is not for sale, a book that is presented free to all new and renewing members. This year the subject is Edgar Degas, perhaps the most loved of all artists. Here, with accompanying text, are seventy large reproductions—the book measures 11¾" x 8¼", and is bound in quarter buckram—of paintings, drawings, pastels and sculpture of one of the artist's favourite, and most graceful, subjects: ballet dancers. Fourteen of these reproductions are in full colour, as true to the originals as the printer's art can make them. You will receive this book—*free*—as soon as you join The Folio Society.

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Nehru's own shaping of ideas, in the recent 'Basic Approach' paper printed as an appendix. The Soviet criticism (the 'Yudin Thesis') would have been worth setting beside it.

FRANCIS WATSON

The Most Distressful Country

The Shaping of Modern Ireland. Edited by CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

Everyone who is interested in the emergent nationalism of the twentieth century can muse with profit on the recent history of Ireland, 'the first success story in that line.' Although long subjugated and in a sense saturated by English civilisation, Ireland always remained a foreign nation and there was and is a *temperamental* lack of sympathy between Irishmen and Englishmen. The ties were strong, those of a launch attached to a great ship. But pride and guilt are in conflict in all imperial powers and when pride is in the ascendant it will not stomach the fact that it can no longer enjoy what it has come to take for granted. The various crises in the struggle for Irish Home Rule therefore aroused emotions not dissimilar from those aroused by Suez and for similar reasons. Hence the immediacy of Mr O'Brien's symposium, a clutch of stimulating essays originally broadcast by Radio Eireann and now amplified for publication.

The subjects of these studies were leading Irishmen who, although they wore their green with a difference, shared a common passion for their country and exerted powerful influences between the death of Parnell in 1891 and the rising of 1916: 'the interval', in the words of Mr O'Brien, 'between verdict and sentence', between the predominantly nationalist election returns of 1892 and the establishment of a Free State for 26 counties – a bitter blow to Unionists and Nationalists alike.

The Nationalist cause succeeded but, as has happened so often since, in a form its protagonists had never dreamed of. And with the national tragedy came the personal griefs. Redmond slipped into obscurity, Griffith died of a broken heart as Prime Minister of a state torn by civil war, Pearce and Connolly were executed, Skeffington murdered, Plunkett's house burned down, Pirrie booed through the streets of Belfast, Cusack expelled from the Athletic Association he had inspired, and Ryan's newspaper suppressed. Only Hyde seems to have carried his natural serenity over the disappointments into the Presidency of the new state and Healy his easy-going geniality into the Governor-Generalship. 'My Dear Boy, come and see me whenever you like in the bee-loud glade', he replied to Yeats who had requested an interview in formal terms.

These were the men who shaped modern Ireland. They could not have foreseen their own destiny. Could they have envisaged for their country the lesson of the past 40 years: that political independence is not enough, that there is 'no oak without the acorn and 300 years of expectation?' Ireland will never be at peace with itself until the Irish imagination finds images which evoke pride in its own traditions. As it is the larger hopes have been deferred, the partition perpetuated. The diaspora continues and a shrinking population (halved since 1841) steadily declines, 'vivant', in a phrase of Renan, 'du parfum d'un vase vide.'

WILLIAM HUGHES

New Novels

No Longer At Ease. BY CHINUA ACHEBE. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Manchurian Candidate. BY RICHARD CONDON. *Joseph.* 16*s.*

Trouble with Lichen. BY JOHN WYNDHAM. *Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Shorn Lamb. BY JOHN STROUD. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

Mr Chinua Achebe is the young Nigerian writer who made something of a name for himself with a first novel called *Things Fall Apart,* which portrayed the collapse of tribal life through the story of one Okonkwo of the Obi tribe. The hero of Mr Achebe's new novel is the grandson of Okonkwo: Obi Okonkwo who leaves his village to be educated in England. He returns after four years and takes a job as a civil servant in Lagos. He acquires a girl friend. He buys a car. He pays his mother's hospital bills and his brother's school bills. He lends small amounts of money to uneducated Africans. He has trouble repaying the money which the Umuofia Progressive Union raised to send him to London. He has to pay for an abortion. He accepts a bribe. He is arrested. And that is all. His white boss, Mr Green, says, "I'm all for equality and all that. I for one would hate to live in South Africa. But equality won't alter facts'. Another breath of the wind of change has been charted.

It is usual, almost traditional, to pay tribute to the simplicity of style of novels such as this. We tend to harp on about it, as if short words were something new in fiction. I suppose the fact of the matter is that simplicity is all we ask for in the African novel. We want a lucid, uncluttered account of the way life is changing in these territories. We want sound, competent craftsmen to put up the framework; later, when the chronicles of change are more or less complete, some very fortunate writers indeed will be able to fill the framework in, wallowing in the new luxuries of characterisation, motivation, depth, psychology and all the rest of it. Meanwhile we are grateful to such as Mr Achebe for such unadorned tales as *No Longer At Ease.*

The Manchurian Candidate is a brilliantly-written novel about Sgt Raymond Shaw, Korean hero, who comes home to the popping flashbulbs feeling 'like Captain Idiot in a space comic book', who cries over the bosom of a dead friend's mother while privately thinking of her as a slob, who objects violently to the 'cheap, goddam parade' that his string-pulling momma is organising in his honour; who reacts, in fact, like a kind of armoured beatnik or enlisted Holden Caulfield. It turns out, however, that this standard American pique is the fuse for a dangerous and maniacal rage that has been planted in him by his Communist captors. He has been brainwashed, in fact, to enter the assassination business in Washington where his stepfather is a senator. It sounds unlikely enough, but Mr Condon, by using wild, vital, up-to-date, gear-crashing language ('She stared at him as if he had invented balk-line billiards' – 'I don't take any orders from the FBI or the Bureau of Printing and Engraving or the Division of Conservation and Wild Life') makes us believe passionately in his characters so that, brainwashed too, we have to believe in the situations he invents for them.

Respectable science fiction, which has to some extent taken over from detective fiction as the leisure reading of dons, also seems to have inherited the same kind of cloistered snobbery that we find in our annual Agatha Christie, festooned as it is with daddies, drawing-rooms, gor-blimey cockney relief and characters who, when they think their girl friends are pregnant, observe – and I am now quoting from *Trouble with Lichen* – 'Oh God, Zephie . . . why couldn't you wait for me?' I suppose it's because bodies in the library and creatures in the conservatory need the same unreal social climate to flourish in. Anyway, putting all this aside for a thesis on the Class War in Outer Space, what Mr John Wyndham is giving us this time is your friend and my friend the Elixir of Life. On the one hand, a scientist, male, who announces to his daughter that she is going to live to be 220 years old. On the other hand, another scientist, female, who injects the elixir into the country's top women in the hope that they will use their influence on the country's top men. A good, though slow, start; and then there is some effort to give us the usual Wyndham follow-through, the author telling us what prolonged life would mean in terms of starvation, social unrest and so on. But he does this largely by means of a scrappy and not very observant send-up of the national press, so that much of the end of the book seems ragged and second-hand. Not one of his best.

Any author who calls one of his leading characters Egbert Crump is, in my view, asking for it; and any author who uses Arch Capital Letters – 'a Straight Talk About Sex' – 'I'm afraid I've Picked Something Up' – 'I've given Stern Warnings to my girls' – is in my further view asking for it even more. Pressing On Regardless with *The Shorn*

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Lamb, however, I discovered it to be the story of a child-care officer and some of the children, including this Egbert Crump, whose paths cross his. When I say story, I mean it's a kind of fictionalised documentary, for the author was in real life a child-care officer; but when I say documentary, I mean it's one of those harmless, unrewarding documentaries such as we get on television, in which if the probation officer or policeman or doctor involved swears once or twice and smokes and says 'Oh, let's pack the whole bloody job in' without actually meaning it, we are to believe that we are getting the last word in tweedy, warm-hearted accuracy. Mr Stroud may know his subject but he doesn't make it real, and I objected in particular to his patronising, excruciating, cockney dialogue. Odd how, Pinter excepted, the knack of reproducing natural working-class speech seems to peter out south of the Trent.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

Dukes, Doctors and Diseases

Microbes, Men and Monarchs. BY ALDO CASTELLANI. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

Dr Castellani has had a more varied life than anyone can reasonably expect. He qualified as a doctor 60 years ago and since then has worked in East Africa, Ceylon, Italy, the USA, Portugal and this country. His contributions to medicine have been prodigious, the greatest being the discovery of the cause of sleeping sickness. Dr Castellani came to medical maturity at a time when there were great pickings in bacteriology for those with eyes and curiosity. It needed courage, too, to go into the East African bush, where sleeping sickness was common, to examine patients. As soon as an African was thought to have the disease his tribe took him into the forest where he was left to die. One day Dr Castellani came across a chief whose subjects were carrying him into the wild to abandon him. The wretched man was miserable and terrified, but he did not have the usual look of a sleeping sickness victim. On this hunch Castellani took a drop of his blood and, finding it teeming with malaria parasites, gave the chief quinine and persuaded his followers to take him back to his village. The chief, cured by the red pills, was grateful – and greedy. He sent for more. They had made him feel so well and vigorous that he had taken 20 new wives, but that was not enough and he wanted more pills.

Dr Castellani's fame spread and in consequence he numbered many of the great among his patients. He lists them with pride and lack of discrimination. Mussolini was his patient in the earlier years. He was so anxious that the world should know that he did not have syphilis that he gave Castellani a sample of his blood to take to England to be tested and told him to give the result to the newspapers. Nevertheless Mussolini seems to have been so anxious that he telegraphed Castellani to get the answer. (With his passion for youth and virility the result seems irrelevant; presumably he ran the risk that it would be positive.)

The extraordinary thing about this book is that although it is written by a man of such distinction and achievement it should be so dull. Dr Castellani, who has been near the centre of so much important activity – he was,

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Colin Wilson, author of "The Outsider" writes: 'I enjoyed reading it immensely. Your portrait of the Old Man comes over extraordinarily well. The use of language is admirably controlled and quite superb.'

Charles Metherell (Oriel College, Oxford) writes: 'These twenty-eight pages are among the most poetic and arresting prose that I have read. The atmosphere they create, the intuitive, anti-intellectual sense of the single human consciousness in the dark shades of the timeless Universe, demolish all human articulate philosophy in a story of moving and dramatic intensity.'

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for example, in charge of the Italian medical services in Abyssinia – treats great events with incurable triviality. Some of his account reads like a gossip columnist at his most gushing and fatuous. All kings and princesses are gracious and charming and look 20 years younger than they are. His approval extends to all successful men apparently; he is an Establishment man if ever there was one. He reaches his peak in Portugal which 'during the last three decades . . . has made great strides along the road to progress, and today is second to no other country.' Salazar is the ideal candidate for the Presidency of a United States of Europe, but 'some leftist scribes insist on calling him a dictator. What an absurd appellation! He is quite willing to relinquish his position at any time the country desires it.'

The real lesson of this book, it seems to me, is the old, old one that, no matter how accomplished and intelligent a man may be in his own subject, he can be as naive and silly in others as anyone else.

DAVID PYKE

Shorter Reviews

Seventeenth Century Contexts. By GEORGE WILLIAMSON. *Faber.* 30*s.*

This collection usefully disinters from the learned graves of the specialist quarterlies some of the author's shorter studies in seventeenth-century literature. There are only two new essays: on *The Extasie* and on *Lycidas*, both of them devoted to providing these famous poems with their less well-known contexts in contemporary literature. Probably, the most important single study is 'The Rhetorical Pattern of Neo-Classical Wit', which traces the evolution of the Augustan couplet back to Puttenham for its rhetorical definition, and to Jonson for its earliest examples. When we look at seventeenth-century poetry, we discover in the movement from Donne to Dryden a revolution. Yet for Dryden, who lived the revolution, it is not Donne, Carew, Marvell who represent the earlier period, but Waller.

Professor Williamson shows that Waller's poems concentrated the qualities of elegant balanced precise statement which were so necessary to Dryden. He was 'strong without rage', and for Dryden, to whom intense feeling, (of which he had his share), was too much of a threat to be honestly accepted, this was the saving formula. Waller had rejected the example of Donne, whose influence was running to seed in the mannerisms of Cleveland and Cowley. One can see Dryden making the same rejection as he works through his early poems, and precisely what this meant is clear from Donne's *Second Anniversarie* to Dryden's *Religio Laici*. It is not so much the language that changes as the kinds of experience that the different cultures nourish. Professor Williamson's precise and documented analysis takes the argument as far as literary history can.

The other major essay is 'The Restoration Revolt against Enthusiasm' in which the part played by Bacon's formulations about imagination and reason in providing the Restoration's characteristic analysis is well laid out. Of the other essays, the most useful is 'Strong Lines' which collects the contemporary use of the only critical term for 'metaphysical poetry' which was widely used at the time. The essay on Donne's *Biathanatos* suggests that the writing of this marked a crucial stage in Donne's religious thinking, the impetus to his later faith which, as the author finely says, he was always condemned 'to draw in pain'.

G. M.

The Wood Engravings of Joan Hassall. Intr. RUARI MCLEAN. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Wood-engraving has become an anachronism – too laborious, fastidious, slow and costly a craft for the methods of mass production which make profits today. It is perfectionist art, time-consuming, meticulous, miniature, the perfect adornment and complement of the well-printed page; it is a sad thing that nowadays publishers can so rarely afford it. Yet wood-engravers of the highest quality obstinately persist, working in solitude and for disproportionately little money to produce small works of art of which the general public is scarcely aware but which are eagerly sought by bibliophiles and collectors.

In the very first rank, and with a poetry of feeling matched by a seemingly flawless technique, Miss Joan Hassall continues in London as a disciple of Bewick, traditional, authoritative, delicate, with a sense of design, of nature and of unstressed humour peculiarly her own. This is the first published study of her work, and should do something to display her to a wider public. The average reader, pausing in pleasure over a tail-piece in a Folio Society Jane Austen, or an exquisite book-plate in some borrowed volume, probably has no idea of the discipline of wood-engraving, the steel tool furrowing its authoritative way in hair-like lines into the close wood, producing an effect of formalised yet living beauty which no other process can match. Mr Ruari McLean's introduction does much for the understanding of this difficult art and analyses the romantic imagination and integrity which make Miss Hassall so remarkable an exponent. He cannot explain what makes a wood-engraver: this daughter of John Hassall the poster artist ('Skegness is So Bracing'), sister of Christopher Hassall the poet, took up a graving-tool once by chance in 1931, and 'from the moment she first handled the graver, it seemed to her like remembering, not learning, how to use it'. Soon after, she discovered Bewick, and her gifts developed rapidly to their full power. Now in her early fifties, as poetic illustrator and enhancer of the printed page she has few rivals anywhere.

M. L.

IMPORTANT

Readers of the New Statesman are reminded that all Books reviewed or advertised in this issue may be obtained promptly from:

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,595 **Set by Vercingetorix**

We understand that one of the superior Sunday papers is about to serialise Montgomery's *De Bello Gallico* and Caesar's account of the Normandy landings. Extracts are invited from the English or Latin versions of either of these features. Limit 120 words; entries by 27 September.

Result of No. 1,592 **Set by Encinitas**

The usual prizes are offered for a letter of resignation (or extract therefrom) from the Baker Street Irregulars, the RSPCA, the NSPCC, the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines' Protection Society, or Alcoholics Anonymous. Maximum length 120 words.

Report

It was always the animals who offended, never fellow RSPCA members. And it was the children, too, who drove parents and teachers out of the NSPCC: Francis Drake announced a new society, the Society for Maintaining Adult Human Authority; and 'Look what a fine man Oliver Twist grew up to be', wrote A. J. Ryder. All too often it was Holmes himself who narked the Irregulars. The Alcoholics seem too anonymous to get on anyone's nerves, and most resigners had just mistaken them for the other AA. But Judith McAlister had a nice variant on the mistake: 'Too late now dear, but you might have said earlier. All that about alcoholics helping each other on the quiet so as to keep out of Trouble, it's natural to think you're making things easier . . . like a Book Club gets you cheap books.'

Very few competitors were really ingenious in their excuses or glorious in their anger. Resignations accepted: C. D. Throsby, Bruce Fyffe, Helen Harald, D. R. Peddy, L. G. Udall, John Digby and Desmond Skirrow. A guinea each for the entries printed.

THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

. . . . Holmes's disloyal wish that 'the Stars and Stripes should be *quartered* with the Union Jack!' . . . Moreover he employs the 'least-likely-person' formula to undermine our wholesome British instincts about character. Thus a cast-iron case against that unlovely alien, 'the Sussex vampire', is demolished in order to incriminate an honest English lad . .

Naturally this cosmopolitan, Frenchified (v. Roberts), part-Jewish (v. Warrack), drug-sodden Aesthete is eager to condone miscegenation between a British girl and a black African (v. The Yellow Face) . . . With his taste for Russian cigarettes, one wonders at the purpose of his visit to the Dalai Lama. Do the present troubles of Moscow-dominated Thibet stem from the intrigues of subversive, renegade Holmes? . . . Please forward my subscription to the League of Empire Loyalists . . .

TROOPER JONES

NSPCC

Dear Colonel Cludders, – Will you please accept my resignation from the NSPCC as from receipt of this letter.

For many years I have been a generous subscriber to the Society's funds but, until yesterday, when I was invited to accompany Inspector Pudkins on his visiting round, I had no idea of the sort of children to whom my money was going. Never in my life before had I seen such unhealthy, ugly, deformed and morally unprincipled ragamuffins. Clearly the parents of these children should face up to their responsibilities and not expect decent people to support them.

Yours truly,
Charity Holmes.

LYNDON IRVING

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

Dear Sec.,

Cheers!

Signed: 'Old Pal'
MICHAEL DORIS

ANTI-SLAVERY & ABORIGINES' PROTECTION SOCIETY

. . . Unfortunately the Yeti I brought back from Tibet has started to talk. He speaks with an accent but intelligently enough to make his meaning clear. He has also started to display a definite personality and his IQ as could be tested from a TV panel game is only a shade below average. He performs many tasks for me in a most human fashion and he cannot be now regarded as a pet. In these circumstances, I feel that I cannot remain a member of your society, at least until such a date when I can present him to Mr Nehru who can doubtless utilise his services, scouting for the Chinese coming over the hills.

Yours faithfully,
Prudence Lovejoy (Miss).
SHYAM NADKARNI

NSPCC

. . . Since I sent you my sub at the beginning of April I've been waiting from one weekend to another for an invitation to turn out for the Club. The season is now nearly over and I still haven't even received your fixture list.

Now some bloke tells me your initials do NOT (as every reasonable being would suppose) stand for the North Soke of Peterborough Cricket Club! It's definitely not cricket to purloin a logical sequence of initials for the use of some utterly bogus society for permitting cruelty to kids – which I don't particularly approve of anyway.

I consider you have taken my money under false pretences and I'm taking the matter up with the MCC . . .

R. M. ANTHONY

City Lights

Paper Tiger

Mr King, the chairman of the *Daily Mirror*, is beginning to tidy things up. The *Mirror* group consists of the *Mirror* and *Sunday Pictorial*, which have sizeable cross-holdings in one another, and of various other companies in which one or both are interested. The largest of these outside interests is the Reed paper group, probably the biggest domestic producer of paper and board, in which the *Mirror-Pic* holds enough voting shares (perhaps a third of the total) to carry effective control if they wished to exercise it. But there are two other *Mirror-Pic* paper interests – a 64 per cent holding in Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper, a Quebec newsprint and pulp producer, and a 100 per cent holding in Imperial Paper, a Kent newsprint and pulp producer which passed into the *Mirror* group with the Amalgamated Press. Mr King now proposes to tidy things up by getting Reed to make a share-exchange bid for Anglo-Canadian and Imperial. The bids, which are worth over £38m, will nearly double the size of the Reed group and increase considerably its dependence on newsprint. They will leave the *Mirror* group with 40 per cent of Reed's equity capital and over half of its voting shares.

There are two points which make this rather more than an ordinary tidying-up operation. The first is that the *Mirror* and the *Pictorial* together now have absolute voting control of Reed. Technically, of course, Reed is still a subsidiary of neither and preserves a brave appearance of independence,

COMPANY MEETING

PURNELL & SONS LIMITED

The 26th Ordinary General Meeting of Purnell & Sons Limited will be held on 30th September in London.

The following is the circulated statement of the Chairman and Managing Director, MR. W. HARVEY:—

It gives me pleasure to submit to you the Accounts of the Company for 1959 and to be able to report that although there was the dispute in the industry within the year the Group Profit, before charging Taxation, shows an increase of £23,808 over the preceding year.

After providing £372,058 for Taxation, and for the interests of the Minority Shareholders, the balance of profits is £363,039 compared with £327,260 in the preceding year.

The year's profit together with the balance brought forward from the previous year after adjustment of tax over reserved in previous years and deducting the interim dividend of 5% paid in September 1959 brings the amount available for allocation to £899,206 from which your Directors have provided for Dividends to Members of £178,240 leaving a balance to be carried forward of £720,966, an increase of £165,287.

In announcing at the last Annual General Meeting the distribution of one New Ordinary Share for each Ordinary Share held I anticipated that it would be possible to pay a 17½% dividend on the increased Capital. I am pleased to report that it has, in fact, been possible to recommend 18¼%.

Waterlow & Sons Limited

At the Extraordinary General Meeting in April 1960 the Members authorised an offer to be made on behalf of the Company for the Preferred Ordinary and the Deferred Ordinary shares of Waterlow & Sons Limited. During the negotiations which followed it became clear that to obtain an effective majority of Waterlow shares with voting rights it would be necessary to make an offer also to the holders of the Preference shares. Your Company now has effective voting control of Waterlow & Sons Limited and by arrangement the Board of that Company has been reconstituted to include three Purnell directors in addition to myself as Chairman. Although much re-organisation and stimulation is necessary, your Directors are confident that this will prove to be a sound investment.

You are to be asked at the Extraordinary General Meeting which will follow the Annual General Meeting to approve a resolution excluding the Loan Issue made for the part acquisition of Waterlow's shares from the borrowing powers under the Articles to enable your Company to have available adequate financial resources for the conduct of the business.

Prospects

The position of trading during the current year is slightly in advance of the corresponding period in 1959. Furthermore, our associated Companies are also making progress during the current year. Subject, therefore, to any unforeseen circumstances between now and the end of the year, we may look forward to another successful year.

I wish to pay tribute to my colleagues on the Board, all of whom are full-time executives, and to express my thanks to the staff and to all employees for their services and co-operation, without which in this exceptionally difficult year the results shown by the accounts could not have been attained.

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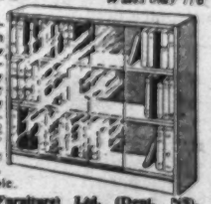

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but the logic of the new situation may well have asserted itself by the time that the Jenkins Committee has made up its mind what to think about interlocking holdings and non-voting shares. The second point is that Mr King, as one would expect, has made a bargain. The bid for Anglo-Canadian is nearly 50 per cent above the market price of the shares. The bid for Imperial seems even more attractive. Not only does it leave the *Mirror* (through the creation of a new class of Deferred shares) with the benefit of the increased profits expected over the next few years from the doubling – all but paid for already – of newsprint capacity, but the Reed shares to be handed over immediately are worth £13¼m. The *Mirror* paid £18m, after failing with a bid for £16m, for the whole of the Amalgamated Press, which has cash assets of around £5m. Mr King, therefore, appears to have acquired his collection of magazines remarkably cheaply.

* * *

The stock market has stopped rising for the moment: Wall Street looks uncertain, even German share prices have faltered with the Berlin situation, and foreigners are cautiously putting their money into fixed-interest investments for the time being; the unit trusts are rushing forward to raise money while the going is still good, but the last couple of issues have not produced the usual triumphant over-subscription.

The gilt-edged market, by contrast, is looking a little brighter, and the success of the Surrey issue has been rapidly followed by the announcement of a £6m debenture from the Agricultural Mortgage Corporation. How long this brightness will continue is another question. If Grandma sees fit to squeeze the banks hard over the turn of the year, there will be a scramble to raise money in the market which will make this week's surprise £7m issue by English Electric seem a fleabite. The Treasury is doing what it can to help by holding back the hefty parcel of steel fixed-interest stocks it has for the sale. Instead, it is pressing on with the sale of the handful of steel companies still on its books. Staveley Iron has been sold to Stewarts & Lloyds this week, at a knock-down price involving a book loss of over £2m; it is little over a month since Llanelly was sold at a book loss of £1¼m.

It may be that the weight of new issues at the turn of the year will be balanced by a cut in Bank rate. Certainly there is no sign of an immediate cut, though sterling and the dollar price of gold are both at peak levels. Last Friday, suffering from the competition of hot money from abroad, the discount market raised its bid for Treasury bills and the rate fell to 5½ per cent. Grandma's reaction was immediate: several houses were forced, almost unprecedently, to borrow from Grandma on a Saturday. The old lady means to hang on to her hot money as long as she can.

* * *

The lame dogs have been limping home. Philips, too polite to fight with EMI for Morphy-Richards, has instead decided to take over Ada (Halifax), a manufacturer of washing machines and refrigerators which has just produced an unexpectedly disappointing set of results. Fisons, shocked into activity by the news that EMI had finally succeeded in taking something over, has taken desperate action. After failing with Crosse & Blackwell and British Drug Houses, it looks like succeeding with Pickering and West – a small canning firm, controlled by the directors, with a poor profits record, for which Fisons is offering an irresistibly generous price.

Company News

Cossor, which made a profit the year after getting rid of its radio and TV interests and concentrating on electronics, has now made a loss again: the share price has fallen so little on the news that someone may have plans for its future.

British Petroleum's half-year report shows sales up by 15 per cent, gross sales revenue up by 10¾ per cent, profits up by 7½ per cent, before tax and scarcely at all after it.

Streetley, manufacturer of heat-resisting materials, reports profits before tax 20 per cent up in the first half-year. The interim dividend is up from four to five per cent and the £1 shares are to be split in four: capacity is being expanded and the main fruits of the steel investment boom have yet to be gathered.

With property companies getting official permission to build supermarkets and office blocks in America, it is only fair that Mr Clore's *City and Central Investments* should have been allowed to buy the 99-year lease of a skyscraper block in Wall Street. It is also buying the site of the Constitutional Club.

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COMPANY MEETING

WEST CUMBERLAND SILK MILLS LIMITED

Continued Steady Progress

The 21st annual general meeting of West Cumberland Silk Mills Limited was held on September 8 in London, The Rt. Hon. Lord Wilmot of Selmeston, P.C., J.P. (the chairman), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:

Your Company has continued its steady progress. Both turnover and profit figures show an improvement on the previous year.

The year 1959 proved a memorable one for the British Textile Industry. The general revival in the trade, coupled with the scrapping of redundant machinery enabled production capacity to be more fully employed and brought about marked improvement in the results shown by many Companies.

Your Company, however, caters for a more individual demand than most and has of necessity to maintain an elastic capacity capable of rapid adaptation to changing circumstances. For that reason it, happily, has not undergone the fluctuations experienced by many other concerns.

Amongst our Subsidiary Companies, those in Australia are by far the most important. They have increased their turnover considerably and are hoping for a further increase this year. They have moved into new and larger premises and we are hoping for even better results in the future.

Since the close of the financial year, the turnover shows a small increase over the previous corresponding period.

The report and accounts were adopted and the final dividend of 16%, making with the interim dividend of 8%, a total of 24%, less tax, was approved.

The Chess Board

No. 566. He Stood On His Head

It is only fair to add that he did it on doctor's orders; and having been assured that such callisthenics would improve his faculty for cogitation, Nimzowitsch would not hesitate to do it right in the tournament hall, in between moves. He wasn't quite fifty yet when he came to his untimely death 25 years ago, and in making this sad anniversary an ever welcome pretext for remembering him we shouldn't so much think of his various phobias and eccentricities (lovable and amusing though most of them were); we should remember the great debt every contemporary chessplayer owes the man whose writing has probably influenced modern chess more profoundly and more lastingly than anybody else's.

As a practising grandmaster, prodigious though his successes were, he was inevitably handicapped in the opening (and at times even well into the middle game) by his own stubborn dogmatism, but in the end game he was second to none, not even to Lasker against whom – Black at Zurich 1934 – he won this celebrated ending which has come to be almost the classic example of how to exploit the advantage of the 'distant passed pawn'. /8/pp3k1p/16/3ktP3/8/PP6/1K4Kt1/.

1) K-B1, K-B3; 2) K-Q2, K-K4; 3) K-K3, P-KR4; 4) P-R3, P-R4; 5) Kt-R3 [threatening to win the P by Kt-B4-Kt6], Kt-B7 ch; 6) K-Q3, Kt-K8 ch; 7) K-K2, Kt-Kt7; 8) K-B3, Kt-R5 ch; 9) K-K3, Kt-Kt3; 10) Kt-Kt5, K-B3; 11) Kt-R7 ch, K-Kt2; 12) Kt-Kt5, K-B3; 13) Kt-R7 ch, K-K2!; 14) Kt-Kt5, Kt-K4; 15) K-Q4, K-Q3; 16) Kt-R3, P-QR5; 17) Kt-B4, P-R5; 18) Kt-R3, P-Kt3!; 19) Kt-B4, P-Kt4; 20) Kt-R3, Kt-B3 ch; 21) K-K3, K-B4; 22) K-Q3, P-Kt5; 23) PxP ch, KxP; 24) K-B2, Kt-Q5 ch; 25) K-Kt1, Kt-K3!; 26) K-R2, K-B5; 27) K-R3, K-Q5; 28) KxP, KxP; 29) P-Kt4, K-B6; 30) P-Kt5, K-Kt7; 31) resigns.

One of Nimzo's most brilliant achievements – more so, I think, than the famous 'immortal zugzwang game' against Sämisch – is his win against Rubinstein at Dresden, 1926.

1) P-QB4, P-QB4; 2) Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3; 3) Kt-B3, P-Q4; 4) PxP, KtxP; 5) P-K4!, Kt-Kt5; 6) B-B4 [Unafraid of moving his K in case of the futile Kt-check], P-K3; 7) O-O, QKt-B3; 8) P-Q3, Kt-Q5; 9) KtxKt, PxKt; 10) Kt-K2, P-QR3; 11) Kt-Kt3, B-Q3; 12) P-B4, O-O; 13) Q-B3, K-R1; 14) B-Q2, P-B4; 15) QR-K1, Kt-B3; 16) R-K2, Q-B2; 17) PxP, PxP; 18) Kt-R1! [En route to KKt5!], B-Q2; 19) Kt-B2, QR-K1; 20) KR-K1, RxR; 21) RxR, Kt-Q1 [Since . . . R-K1 would be defeated by 22) Q-Q5! White retains control of the K-file]; 22) Kt-R3, B-B3; 23) Q-R5, P-KKt3; 24) Q-R4, K-Kt2; 25) Q-B2!, B-B4; 26) P-QKt4, B-Kt3; 27) Q-R4, R-K1; 28) R-K5!, Kt-B2; 29) BxKt, QxB; 30) Kt-Kt5, Q-Kt1; 31) RxR, BxR; 32) Q-K1, B-B3; 33) Q-K7 ch, K-R1; 34) P-Kt5!!, and Black resigned after giving up a piece by . . . Q-Kt2. Obviously, . . . BxP is ruled out by 35) Q-B6 ch, followed by QxB, while . . . 34) . . . PxP is countered by 35) Kt-K6, P-R4; 36) Q-B6 ch, K-R2; 37) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-R3; 38) B-Kt4! etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced the win very forcefully and neatly. For 6 ladder-points **B** is a game-position too, but it may rank as an endgame study when considering the artful way in which Nimzo (Black) forced the break-through of one of those pawns. For 7 points **C** a win, is a proper study. (I have used it a few years ago but it can bear repetition). Usual prizes. Entries by 26 September.

A: Aron Nimzowitsch 1927

B: A. Nimzowitsch, 1921: /24/1p5r/p1p1k1pKt/P2pBpP1/1P1K1P2/8/.

C: A. Nimzowitsch: /3k3r/4Rp2/3Pp2p/3P4/8/1K6/16/.

REPORT on No. 563, Set 27 August

A fairly easy lot. Prizes: W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, H. Garfath, L. G. Kennion, W. A. Parkin-Moore.

A: (2) . . . PxP ch; (3) K-R1, R-Kt8 etc.

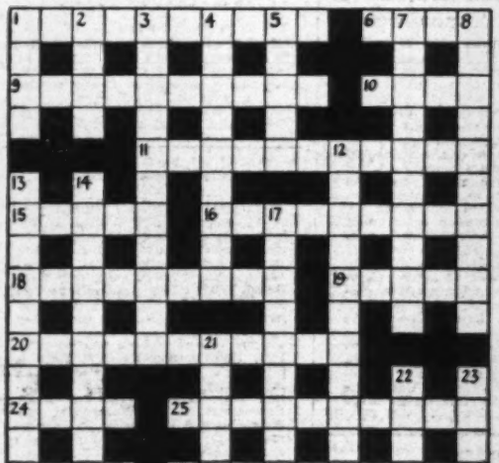
B: (1) Kt-B5!, KxKt (best); (2) P-K7, R-K5; (3) K-R7, K-B3; (4) P-Kt7, RxP; (5) K-R8, RxP stalemate. Or (4) . . . R-R5 ch; (5) K-Kt8, KxP stalemate.

C: (1) B-Kt4! (B-B3 ch?), P-B4! (QxR?); (2) B-B3 ch, K-R2; (3) P-Kt ch, K-R3(best); (4) B-Q2 ch! (B-Kt7 ch?), K-R4; (5) R-Q5 ch, K-R5; (6) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-Kt5; (7) R-Kt5 mate. If (1) . . . K-R2; (2) B-K7!, K-Kt3; (3) P = Q etc.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 423

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 423, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 27 September.



ACROSS

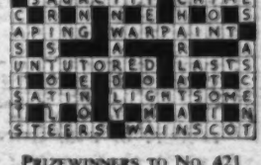
1. Portray part of the ship as a means of crossing the water (10).
6. Blow for a literary adviser (4).
9. Curious liberal rebukes at a weapon (4, 6).
10. The object of worship may have a try for worship (4).
11. Dark time in a storm for the heroine (11).
15. Sailors sail, by the sound of it (5).
16. Cutting as a river without endless song (9).
18. Outside itself a river gets higher and they live in the sea (9).
19. The head goes on and on about me (5).
20. Snails may make a good repast (11).
24. Centre line with central team (4).
25. Ridiculously as a distant friend surrounding half a Roman (10).
26. 'Our —— and serious poet Spenser' (Milton) (4).
27. Affection characteristic of sender and sent (10).

DOWN

1. Financial embarrassment started by a young lady (4).
2. A drink for a flower (4).
3. Town having its foundations on another (11).
4. Provides water and annoys with change of heart (9).
5. Corruption started by a titled person (5).
7. Possibly I am curt and undemonstrative (10).
8. People established on a single seaside place (10).
12. He knows what will happen when he asks those who are late (11).
13. Unusual coatpegs as bearers of others' burdens (10).
14. Restraining journalists during a turbulent reign (10).
17. Fixed firmly the head in the tail (9).
21. Hold forth with nothing on speed (5).
22. 'Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited ——' (Goldsmith) (4).
23. They get past with a final affirmative (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 421



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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

'MUSIC & Life'. Music mag. of CP. Send 1s. to 97a Pembroke St, London, N1.

THE following are the contents of September Plebs: 'The Way Back for the Labour Party' by S. J. Bidwell, 'The Labour Party's Critical Days' by Arthur Woodburn, MP, 'British Railways—Time to Switch the Points!' by H. Clother, 'Cuts Highway Costs by £20,000', 'Three-Sided Blocks of Flats', 'Out of Date History' by J. P. M. Millar, 'Come on There, Pay Up!' by Harold Hutchinson, 'The American Executives' Circus' by Eric Moonman, 'Pars from the Press', 'Trade Unionism—Danish and British' by J. P. M. Millar, 'This Wicked World', 'Do You Know', 'New Books', 'Plebs Forum', 'NCLC News'. Plebs is 6d, by post 8d, or 7s 6d a year from the NCLC, Tillicoultry.

ENCYCLOPAEDIAS: Britannicas 1950/58 £32-£50 Children's (Mee) latest, 10 volumes £9. Post free anywhere Silverdales, 1142-6 Argyle St, Glasgow

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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Department of Indian Studies

CHAIR OF INDIAN STUDIES

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Two posts, one each for teaching (i) Sanskrit; and (ii) Indian Culture. Special qualifications: for (i) Good Honours degree in Sanskrit, ability to teach through the medium of English. Knowledge of Tamil an added qualification. For (ii) Good Honours degree, wide interests and capability of lecturing on Indian Philosophy, Religion, Government, Arts and Science and specialist qualifications in the Cultures (or Civilisation of India). Candidates for both these posts should have teaching experience at University level.

FACULTY OF SCIENCE
LECTURESHIPS OR ASSISTANT LECTURESHIPS, depending on qualifications, in:

Department of Botany. Three posts: Candidates should have a recognised Honours degree or equivalent qualification and experience in teaching and research in the following fields: (i) Mycology, plant pathology and soil microbiology; (ii) Either Angiosperm Taxonomy or Cryptogamic botany; (iii) Plant physiology.

Department of Chemistry. Two posts: Candidates should have a recognised Honours degree or equivalent qualification and experience in teaching and research.

Department of Geology. Candidates should have at least a good Honours degree and experience in teaching at University level. Preference will be given to those having higher degrees and who have done advanced geological research.

Department of Physics. Two posts: Candidates should have a recognised Honours degree or equivalent qualification and experience in teaching and research.

FACULTY OF ENGINEERING

Department of Engineering. Three posts: One post is to be filled in 1960 and the remaining two posts are likely to be available in 1961. Candidates must be University graduates in Engineering and hold recognised professional qualifications.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
LECTURESHIPS OR ASSISTANT LECTURESHIPS

Two posts: One in the field of Plant Science, candidates for which should have specialist qualifications in either Plant Physiology or in Genetics and Plant Breeding, and the other in the field of Soil Science – preference will be given to candidates with specialist qualifications in Soil Physics. Candidates should preferably have a good Honours Degree, with suitable research and teaching experience.

The basic salary for a Lecturer is £1,148 × £49 – £1,442/£1,540 × £56 – £1,820 p.a., and for an Assistant Lecturer £1,001 × £49 – £1,099 p.a. In addition a variable allowance is at present paid at 35% of basic salary, subject to certain maxima, together with expatriation allowance at specified rates. First class sea passages are provided and housing assistance is available.

Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Malaya and London, on 22 October 1960.

ESSEX, Friends' School, Saffron Walden, an Independent co-educational boarding school run by a committee of the Society of Friends: required for the Autumn Term only, a master or mistress to help with Latin teaching. This is not a full-time post. Anyone interested should get in touch, at once, with the Headmaster

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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REQUIREMENTS: University degree in law or science. Mother tongue English; sound knowledge of French and Spanish; knowledge of other European languages desirable. Experience in editing technical material.

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Further information and application forms will be sent only to those candidates who seem suitable for serious consideration.

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required primarily for conciliation duties in industrial relations but may be called upon to undertake other duties normal to an overseas Labour Department. Candidates must have sound knowledge and experience of industrial relations and Trade Union legislation, together with experience in mediation and conciliation in industrial disputes. Knowledge of typical labour legislation in an overseas territory with previous experience and ability in training subordinate staff in conciliation and other industrial relations work would be an added advantage. Post on contract terms with gratuity. Salary according to experience in scale £1,042-£2,004 inclusive. Quarters at low rental. Free passages and medical attention. Outfit and Children's Education allowances.

Tour of service 18-24 months. Low income tax. Generous home leave.

Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD 132/2/04/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

GOVERNMENT OF ADEN

LABOUR OFFICER (between 30 and 45) required primarily to act as Secretary to the President of the Aden Industrial Court, but may be called upon to undertake other duties normal to an overseas Labour Dept. Candidates must have a sound knowledge of industrial relations procedures for settlement of disputes, the nature and functions of Employers and Employees' organisations, and labour legislation: preferably with experience of reporting proceedings of Joint Meetings. Post on contract terms with gratuity. Salary according to experience in scale £1,040 – £1,844 inclusive. Quarters at low rental. Free passages and medical attention. Outfit and Children's Education allowances. Tour of service 18-24 months. Low income tax. Generous home leave.

Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD.132/2/05/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

CITY OF WAKEFIELD
APPOINTMENT OF MUSEUM ASSISTANT

Applications are invited for the above superannuable post within Grade APT I (£610 x £30(4) x £35 – £765 per annum).

The museum is now being greatly extended and a particular interest in history, local history and display is desirable. The Diploma of the Museums' Association or a degree will be considered an advantage.

Forms of application, which may be obtained from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Wakefield, should be completed and returned so as to be received not later than 23 September 1960.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EAST AFRICA HIGH COMMISSION
STATISTICIANS, EAST AFRICAN STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT

Candidates should have a good Honours degree preferably in Economics with Statistics as a main subject. The latter is not essential provided that Statistics has been included in the degree course and the candidate has a good knowledge of statistical methods and the handling of statistical data. Experience desirable of work in a government or commercial statistical organisation or post graduate research in economic analyses or statistical surveys. Age limit 40. Appointment may be pensionable or on contract terms, inclusive salary scale £939-£1,863, point of entry determined by experience. Gratuity of 13⅓% of salary if appointment is on contract. Income tax at local rates. Free passages on first appointment and on leave for officer and family. Liberal home leave on full salary. Government quarters, when available, at moderate rental. Apply, stating full name and giving brief details of qualifications and experience to Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD 59/88/02/A4.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART

Applications are invited from persons with good organising ability and wide technical experience in the textile industry, for the appointment of

TECHNICAL TUTOR

in the School of Textile Design. The successful candidate will be expected to act as chief-of-staff to the Professor in respect of the two Departments of Weaving and Printing. Salary within a scale rising to £1,800. Pension Scheme. Application form and further particulars from the Registrar, Royal College of Art, SW7.

GOVERNMENT OF TANGANYIKA

Labour Officer (male, aged 25 to 33) required for the inspection of conditions of employment in industrial and other undertakings. Work also includes the conduct of industrial relations, the settlement of trade disputes and supervising the operation of the employment exchange. Degree or equivalent (e.g. AMIMechE) desirable. Candidates should have had industrial experience in personnel management or in technical post involving supervision of labour or have held administrative or technical appointments in Commissioned rank in HM Forces. Post on contract/gratuity terms. Salary scale £1,014 to £1,617. Outfit and education allowances. Where available, quarters provided at low rental. Free passages. Generous home leave. Tour 30-36 months. Low Income Tax.

Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD.132/8/05/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

ESSEX
GOODALL YOUTH CENTRE, LEYTON

A full-time Warden is required as soon as possible for the Goodall Youth Centre, Leyton.

Possession of a Degree, Social Science Diploma / Certificate or Teaching Certificate is desirable and candidates must have had exp. in Youth work. Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, viz. £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 per annum plus London Allowance. The scale will be subject to additions for training and qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Report conditions. Previous relevant experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary. Further details and application forms from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 26 September 1960.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

Now is the time for all wise girls to start thinking of settling into permanent work. Secretaries, typists and all grades of clerical staff are well placed by

Stella Fisher Bureau
436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

Licensed Annually by LCC.

Member of Employment Agents' Federation.

POLITICAL Zionist organisation requires Organising Secretary with initiative, used working independently. Interested in public relations and strengthening movement. Must be able to take charge office and staff. Apply PRImrose 9632, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MARPLAN LTD,

the research affiliate of McCann Erickson Advertising Limited

require a

PSYCHOLOGIST

to carry out a programme of experimental research into perception. He or she should have a good knowledge, and some experience, of experimental research, and a very definite interest in perception. Interest in social psychology would also be an advantage. The salary would be in the range of £900/£1,100, although more might be paid to a candidate with exceptional qualifications.

Apply in writing to:

John Clemens,

MARPLAN LIMITED,

2-3 Cursitor Street, London, EC4.

O & M

TWO JUNIOR ASSISTANTS

are required for an established O & M Department in a large industrial and merchanting Group with head-quarters in West London.

Preference will be given to applicants who have received basic training in O & M techniques and have had some practical experience of the work. A young University graduate or a man who has recently qualified in accountancy or secretaryship may, however, be considered for training.

The Department operates in all clerical and administrative fields of the Group and its staff are required to work away from home for reasonable periods. Commencing salary in the range £800/£1,000 p.a.

Details in full to Box 7066.

YORK 'A' AND TADCASTER HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the York Mental Health Service. This well-established and still-developing service is run jointly by the Hospital Management and the City of York Health Dept. The post includes an interesting range of work with in-patients, out-patients, community care and after care. The service is an integral part of Naburn and Bootham Park Hospital and therefore there is psychiatric support and consultation in all cases. More detailed information may be had from the Senior Psychiatric Social Worker at the Mental Health Centre, 24 St Saviourgate, York, and prospective applicants are welcome to see round the departments. Salary scale £610 (at age 27) × £25 (7) × £30 (2) to £845 p.a. and Whitley Council Conditions of Service. Applications stating age, education, qualifications, experience and names of two referees to Group Secretary, Bootham Park, York.

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE
RESIDENT-IN-CHARGE,
HIGH WICK, TYTTENHANGER, NEAR ST ALBANS

Applications are invited from Psychologists, Psychiatric Social Workers, Nurses or persons working in the field of child care to take up residence in charge of a unit for 18 mentally ill children under the clinical direction of a Psychiatrist. Experience with young children essential. Must have an intelligent and informed attitude to the psychiatric problems of such a unit and take an active part in the training of staff. This is interesting work offering a unique opportunity for research.

High Wick is situated in pleasant country approximately 19 miles from London and four miles from St Albans.

Salary according to qualifications and experience, less a charge for board-lodging. Applications with names of two referees to the Secretary, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St Albans, Herts, from whom further details may be obtained, by 30 September 1960.

FULL-time and part-time teacher of Shorthand/Typewriting wanted by West End School. Box 7227.

HOUSEKEEPER reqd for Jewish Old Age Home in London suburb. Excellent remuneration & accomm. Box 7147.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE UNITED CAMBRIDGE HOSPITALS
FULBOURN & ADDENBROOKE'S HOSPITALS
JOINT PSYCHIATRIC DEPT.

Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker to the United Cambridge Hospitals. The department consists of five staff, two Psychiatric Social Workers, Trainee, and two Social Workers. The work entails both out-patient work at the Psychiatric Clinic at Addenbrooke's Hospital and in-patient work at Fulbourn Hospital. There is regular opportunity for case discussions, attending lectures, etc. The post is a varied and interesting one and covers quite a wide area of the country. Further information can be obtained from Miss M. J. Ferguson, Senior Psychiatric Worker.
Applications with the names of three referees should be sent to the Secretary, United Cambridge Hospitals, Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, by 26 September 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for one post of Senior Research Assistant and two posts of Experimental Officer to work under the direction of Professor G. Gee on the physical properties of high polymers. The Senior Research Assistant will have a status equivalent to University Lecturer and will be expected to assist in the detailed supervision of work by research students and experimental officers. The Experimental Officers will be required to carry out either (a) chemical work in the preparation of monomers and polymers or (b) physical measurements for the characterisation of polymers. The salary of the Senior Research Assistant will be that of a University Lecturer; the salaries of the Experimental Officers will be according to experience and qualifications up to a maximum of £1,000 per annum. Applications, with references, should be sent to Professor G. Gee, Department of Chemistry, The University of Manchester, Oxford Road, Manchester, 13, not later than 15 October.

RAMPTON Hospital, Retford, Notts. Wholetime (a) Research Associate (Senior Psychologist Grade) or (b) Research Assistant (Psychologist Grade) – required for research into psychopathic instability in new Research Unit. Close association with University of Sheffield (Department of Psychology) with facilities to register for Ph.D. Further information from Medical Superintendent. NHS Superannuation and Conditions of Service applicable. Salary (a) £1,025-£1,425 or (b) £580-£680 (probationary) £735-£1,050 (post-probationary) plus £65 allowance. Accommodation available. Applications, giving full particulars and naming 3 referees, to Medical Superintendent by 30 Sept. 1960.

LONDON County Council, Education Officer's Department. Applications are invited from Social Workers (men and women, including married women, wishing to re-enter employment) for appointment as Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work. Candidates should hold a degree or certificate in Social Science or similar qualification; experience in practical social work is desirable. Assistant Organisers have to train and advise Voluntary Care Committee workers in a wide range of preventive case-work for children and their families helping them to use all the social services available and to deal with problems arising both from primary poverty and from difficult family relationships. They thus direct, co-ordinate and participate in case-work of varying depths. Salary £625-£830, commencing rate according to experience and qualifications; some promotion prospects. Exceptionally, part-time engagements may be considered. Application forms with details, obtainable from the Education Officer (Estab. 2/NS/2096/9), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 30 September 1960.

HAMPSHIRE. Ashbourne Lodge Boys' Remand Home, Winchester. Resident Supervisor. Preference will be given to applicants who have had experience in youth work and/or are able to instruct in handicrafts, particularly woodwork or with some knowledge of gardening. Salary: £540 – £620 p.a., less £120 p.a. for board and lodging. Application forms from The County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

SOCIAL Worker with Social Studies Diploma or equivalent qualifications required as Organising Secretary for Doncaster & District Council of Social Service. Responsibilities for Child Adoption, Old People's Welfare, CAB Family Case Work. Salary for suitable applicant £625. Apply Chairman, 13 Thorne Road, Doncaster, before 22 September.

CITY of Birmingham. Public Health Department. Psychiatric Social Worker or social worker with casework experience required at Parent Guidance Clinic for work with under school age children showing behaviour problems. Salary scale as prescribed by appropriate Whitley Council. Medical exam. Pension Scheme. Further information from and applications to Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Congreve St., Birmingham 3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide, Faculty of Economics. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer in Economics. Salary Scale: £A1,675 – 95 – £2,340, with superannuation on the FSSU basis. General Conditions of Appointment and a statement about the post may be had on application to the Registrar or to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications, in duplicate and giving the information listed in the final paragraph of the general conditions of appointment, should reach the Registrar, The University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 15 October 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Applications are invited for the following positions with salary range £A1,830 – 70 – £A2,330. 1. Lecturer in Economics: Applicants should possess a degree in Economics or Commerce, with Honours in Economics. 2. Lecturer in Psychology: Applicants should have an Honours degree in Psychology and preferably a Higher Degree. The successful applicants will enjoy the privileges of superannuation, study leave, travel grants and other benefits available to the academic staff. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 15 October 1960.

HOME Office: Probation Inspector. Pensionable post in London for man or woman at least 28 on 1.7.60 with wide experience of social conditions, and understanding of delinquency problems of juveniles and adults. Experience in the training and supervision of case workers and a university degree or other qualification in social science will be advantages. Duties include inspection of probation work in England and Wales; advising on individual cases and assisting in training entrants to the Probation Service. Salary (men, London) £1,305-£1,630. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5166/60. Closing date extended to 7 October 1960.

NORTHERN Polytechnic, Holloway, London, N7. The Governing Body invites applications for appointment as Principal of the Northern Polytechnic. Candidates should possess high academic qualifications and appropriate educational and administrative experience. Salary scale — £2,800 rising by annual increments of £100 to £3,100 per annum, plus London Allowance. In determining the commencing salary, increments, subject to the maximum of the scale, might be given to a suitable candidate. The Northern Polytechnic is a major Regional Technical College. To meet current needs and to provide for future development, a substantial extension will shortly be erected adjacent to the Polytechnic. Form of application, together with full particulars, will be forwarded on request, and should be returned to me, duly completed, not later than 15 October 1960. R. H. Currell, FCA, Clerk.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the Department of History and Political Science. Applicants should have an honours degree in History. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. Approved fares to Christchurch will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 15 October 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lectureship in French. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment in the new University College of Townsville. Applicants should possess an Honours degree in French and have complete fluency in spoken French. The salary scale is: £A1,830 × £70 – £2,330 p.a. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 10 October 1960.

SOCIAL Workers: Ministry of Labour. 6 pensionable posts in Industrial Rehabilitation Units for men or women at least 21 on 1.7.60 with Social Science Diploma (or equivalent) and, preferably, experience of social case work. Duties include advising on the rehabilitation and resettlement of persons who have been injured or long unemployed. Salary scale (men, London) from £665 (at 21) to £820 or higher (at 25 or over), rising to £1,140. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5164/60. Closing date 30 September 1960.

EXPORT magazine publishers NW3 req. experienced secretary/editorial assistant for editor and managing director. Age unimportant. Five-day week. Box 7297.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Committee. East Quinton Residential School for 45 maladjusted junior children, Seaford. Qualified man/woman required January 1961 for general subjects. Exceptional opportunities for interesting work with a group of disturbed children. Permanent post. Burnham salary and special schools payment. Application form and further details (f'cap s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (SS/NW), 10 Great George Street, SW1, which should be returned by 30 September.

LONDON County Council. Mental Welfare Officers (men or women), preferably holding social science qualification, required for duties under Mental Health Act 1959 as members of teams of mental health social workers shortly to be established in the nine health divisions of the county. They will also be required to undertake weekend and evening duty on rota basis at County Hall and may occasionally in emergencies be required to do night duty. £665-£965 (under review), commencing according to qualifications and experience. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/NS/2307/9), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 28 September.

MINISTRY of Defence: Intelligence Officers. 9 pensionable posts for men or women at least 21 on 1.9.60. Qualifications: thorough knowledge (to degree or First Class Service Interpretership standard) of Czech, Hungarian, Polish, or Russian and background knowledge of the economic, technological, or scientific affairs of the country concerned. Ability to translate into clear, concise English at speed essential. Salary (men, London) £595 (at 21) to £755 (25 or over) rising to £1,140. Promotion prospects. Selection by written language test and interview. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 5189/60. Closing date 30 September 1960.

PERSONAL Assistant required by Area Secretary, Family Welfare Association, to administer record systems and general office procedures. Good typist needed, shorthand desirable, knowledge social services an asset. Will head small clerical staff. Valuable, interesting work. Scale £500 x £20 – £720. Apply PA Appointment, FWA, 59 Myddelton Square, EC1.

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Committee. Required as soon as possible peripatetic remedial teacher in Tottenham, working in close co-operation with the School Psychological service. Salary according to Burnham scale (London area). Graded post, £90 p.a. for suitable candidate. Further particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, Education Offices, Philip Lane, Tottenham, N15, to whom they should be returned.

UNIVERSITY graduate interested in publishing and printing required to assist managing director (in mid-thirties) of small company of paper brokers supplying book publishers and printers. Experience less important than intelligent application. The right applicant could earn as much as £2,000 per annum by the end of the second year. Applications in handwriting to Box 7144.

EAST Sussex Education Committee. Child Guidance Service. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Bexhill Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised training course. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical Council 'A' Scale. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes, Sussex.

SURREY Education Committee. Youth Service. District Youth Officers. (a) Barnes and Richmond. (b) Esher. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for appointment as District Youth Officer for Barnes and Richmond, and Esher. Recognised Diploma or Certificate of Training with administrative and suitable practical experience essential. Salary: (men) £770 x £27 10s.-£1,070, (women) £720 x £22-£980 plus equal pay increment. Application forms and particulars on receipt of s.a.e. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to be returned by 23 Sept.

SUPERVISING Typist required in London for international body engaged in interesting international work. Accurate typing, previous experience and knowledge of either French or Spanish essential. Salary £540 first year, £570 second year. Five-day week, three weeks holiday, luncheon vouchers, offices in central West End, free pension scheme, mixed international staff. Apply Personnel Officer, International Tin Council, Haymarket House, 28 Haymarket, London, SW1.

FIELD Worker. The Women's Co-operative Guild requires energetic woman, having a thorough knowledge of the Guild, and free to travel about the country, to organise the opening of new Branches. The appointment to be experimental for two years in first instance, subject to three months' probation. Salary, £600 per annum and expenses. Applications stating age, qualifications and names of two referees to reach 348 Gray's Inn Road, WC1, by 24 September.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MEDICAL Research Council have vacancy in their Headquarters Office for woman graduate under 28 years of age to assist with parliamentary and information work. Ability to compile and collate information, draft memoranda and correspondence, and deal with inquiries, often under pressure, essential. Experience of office organisation an advantage. Starting salary between £638-£855, on scale rising to £1,005 with prospects of eventual promotion to higher grade. Superannuation provision. Applications, stating age, education and previous experience, with names of two referees, to Medical Research Council, 38 Old Queen Street, Westminster, SW1. Please quote E2/13 (11). Closing date 30 September 1960.

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Organisation requires assistant with aptitude drafting, administration; knowledge foreign languages advantage; £800 x 50 to £950. Please send details Box 7189.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science, Social Science department, requires a Research Assistant to help with a study of the nature of supervisory tasks. A degree in the social sciences, psychology, or statistics, or experience in work study or personnel work desirable. Commencing salary £675 a year. Applications should be received not later than Friday, 23 September, by Mr K. E. Thurley, Skepper House, 13 Endsleigh Street, WC1.

EDITORIAL Assistant wanted for Zurich. Highly qualified, experienced art journalist with writing knowledge of English, French and German, as temporary assistant to 'Who's Who in Graphic Art' for about six months from October 1960. Duties: to compile artists' biographies, sub-edit contributions on graphic design, do reliable proof-reading and indexing. Apply with full particulars to Walter Amstutz, Graphis Press, Nüschelerstrasse 45, Zurich/Switzerland.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Part-time Psychotherapist reqd at East Quinton School for Maladjusted pupils, Eastbourne Road, Seaford, for four 3 hour sessions p.w. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised post graduate mental health training and/or equivalent experience in Child Therapy. Fee: 55s. 6d. per session, plus travelling expenses. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 30 September. (Quote E.364/NS).

A NUMBER of vacancies exist in the Market Research Department of a leading London advertising agency for Assistant Research Executive trainees. The work of the department consists mainly of planning and organising sample surveys of the general public, and of interpreting the results of these surveys to management and other departments in the agency. Selected candidates will in the first instance assist Research Executives by whom they will be trained in the techniques of market research. It is expected that Assistant Executives will eventually assume full executive responsibility for market research on a group of the agency's accounts. Applicants should possess a first or second class Hons degree in one of the arts, social sciences, or mathematics. Starting salary will be between £650 and £750 p.a., depending upon qualifications. Application forms can be obtained from the Staff Manager, Box 7240.

EDITORIAL and general assistant (female) required by scientific society. Good education, adaptability and initiative important; shorthand / typing an advantage but not essential. Starting salary according to qualifications, with prospects of rapid advancement on merit. Applications to: The Assistant Secretary, Royal Astronomical Society, Burlington House, London, W1.

ADVERTISING. Interesting position for young lady 23-26 with new Media Data Service. Agency media or publishing experience and accurate typing essential. No Saturdays. Modern office near Fleet Street. Please write stating age, experience and qualifications to Box A777, c/o Central News Ltd, Pemberton House, East Harding Street, EC4.

DESIGN Research Unit requires young administrative officer to co-ordinate the work of its print, packaging and product design studio; to be able to draw upon the resources of outside design services and to work as a member of a close-knit creative team. Some previous experience is essential. DRU operates a pension scheme and the post offers a wide variety of interesting work. Apply in writing to the Business Manager, 37 Duke St, London, W1.

NURSE (SRN or SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Hampstead Garden Suburb. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Excellent accommodation and every comfort provided. Replies to Association of Jewish Refugees, 8 Fairfax Mansions, London, NW3.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts, £650-£800 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1. MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Director of Examinations (English). Pensionable post in the Civil Service Commission, London, for graduate (man or woman), preferably with first class honours, in English or in English with another subject. Experience of school or university teaching desirable; experience of examining, interviewing, or administration an advantage. Duties include discussion and preparation of examination papers from GCE to Final Honours level, interviewing, and administrative work concerned with recruitment. Selection by interview in October. Starting salary according to experience and present salary on scale £1,110 (age 28) – £1,935. (Salary scale under review.) Teaching service may be aggregated with civil service for superannuation purposes. FSSU may count as qualifying service. Promotion possibilities within the Commission or to administrative work. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1. for application form, quoting 5200/60. Closing date 4 October 1960.

APPROVED School Psychologists. Two Educational Psychologists are required to advise on the treatment of approved school pupils, one for schools in the West of Scotland and the other for schools in the Dundee-Aberdeen area. Each will be attached to the staff of a school in the area, but will work in a number of schools. Bachelor of Education Degree or Honours Degree in Psychology required; clinical and teaching experience desirable. Salary £1,455 to £2,075 (for men; women's scale subject to equal pay from April 1961) with placing according to experience. The posts are subject to the Teachers (Superannuation) (Scotland) Regulations. Application forms from Scottish Education Department (Room Q/162), Broomhouse Drive, Edinburgh 11; all forms to be returned by 15 October.

SECRETARY reqd by book publisher. New office; interesting, varied work. Edit./prod. exp. an advantage. Box 7302.

YOUTH Club Leader single or married (flat available) for large mixed Club work of an East London Settlement. Extensive premises, wide range of activities, scope for more, and team of helpers at disposal of man with experience in working with modern youngsters, adolescents and young adults; also reasonable salary and emoluments. Apply Warden, St Hilda's East, 3 Old Nichol Street, Bethnal Green, London, E2.

LIBRARY Assistant required for 15 hours weekly during term time (mainly evenings) in Institute providing courses in Arts/Humanities. 63s. 8d. gross if 25 or over. Write by 24 September giving age, experience, etc. to Principal (Estab. 2/NS/2431/9), City Literary Institute, Stukeley St, WC2.

REQUIRED for women's club & transit hostel central Manchester, Secretary with administrative experience and knowledge of social work. Resident or non-resident. Salary from £525 p.a. 6 weeks' holiday. Apply YWCA National Offices, 108 Baker St, W1.

SEC. S/T. for well-known theatrical agency W1. £9 10s./£11 & LV's. Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1. HYD 1738

HAD we but world enough and money we'd never have to work, but as it is, why not make the best of it? You can find a stimulating, high-paying sales job with our American company showing a top-notch children's educational program to US military families in Europe. If you're genuinely interested, tell us about yourself in your inquiry to Box 6125.

THE Hotel and Catering Institute. Appointment of Assistant Secretary. The Council of the Institute invites applications for the post of Assistant Secretary of the Institute from professionally qualified secretaries or accountants, over the age of 25, to take charge of office administration, including all accounting. The duties will include assistance to the Secretary generally in the activities of the Institute. Salary according to age, qualifications and experience, but minimum of £1,000; superannuation scheme. Applications, including names and addresses of two referees, to J. J. Lanning, Secretary, HCI, 24 Portman Square, London, W1, marked 'Personal'.

LADY assistant 23/35 for small Press office. Editorial, typing and general duties. £11/£12. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

PART-time Secretary (2 days a week) wanted by small professional association. Salary £5. Apply in writing APSW, 1 Park Crescent, London, W1.

GIRL for antiquarian booksellers, Lond. Expnce unnec, but typing and good educl background essentl. £500 p.a. 5-day wk. £550 p.a. 5½-day wk. Box 6488.

A GENUINE selection of interesting posts from Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 3a Princes St, Hanover Sq, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

EXPERIENCED Shorthand Typists reqd. Able to use initiative. £10 15s. Five day week. Fire Brigades Union, 865 Fulham Road, SW6.

HOUSEKPR; au pair sit. offered unatt. woman willing take on widower 46, agnostic, & 3 boys. E. Anglia. Box 7264.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHORTHAND-typists, full- and part-time wanted for Stratford, West Ham and Forest Gate offices. Good wages. Short hours. Pleasant atmosphere. Staff canteen. Please phone MARyland 4201, write or call Clerical Staff Officer, London Co-operative Society Ltd, 54 Maryland Street, Stratford, E15.

SIAMESE cats and syllabubs for sophisticates, but tea, a chat and a job from Winifred Johnson, Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1, next to Gamages. HOL. 0390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ENTHUSIASTIC young director of serious theatre very much at liberty. Considerable experience in England and abroad. The talent is there but it must have a platform. Background includes professional stage-management, theatre journalism and teaching. Anything discussed which may lead to a career. Box 6924.

YOUNG woman, fluent French, secretarial experience, literary talent, seeks interesting part-time post, literary or journalistic preferred. Box 7125.

INTERESTING term-time work sought by experienced organising Secretary. (Part-time?). Own car, typewriter. Moderate salary, suggestions welcome. Box 7228.

YOUNG lady sks position helper in kindergarten/nursery school. Box 7187.

JUST retired man sks part-time telephone and/or office post. Box 7202.

MAN 24, Oxford graduate (history), good French, knowledge German, Russian, sks emplmnt London. Box 7292.

SECRETARY-chauffeuse, 27, intelligent, good appearance, wishes post South France or travel with distinguished literary person. Box 7262.

INTELLIGENT, conscientious, adaptable couple (family of three) seek interesting post. Combined experience of farming, driving, nursing and child care. Box 7198.

PERSONAL

HOMELESS 17-yr-old boy starting surveying training needs sympathetic landlady easy reach Paddington and Oxford Circus. Ring Miss Keen, PARk 4414 office hrs.

PAUL aged 14 is a pupil at a school for maladjusted boys. His holidays present a problem as his parents are unable to cope with him and he doesn't fit into the life of a Children's Home. Paul is a person of considerable charm and good manners but an inveterate smoker and a liar. Paul could be for the right persons a considerable and possibly satisfying challenge. Would any interested person contact the Children's Officer, Worcestershire County Council, 28 Foregate Street, Worcester. (C.292).

CULTURED Indian bachelor (42) engaged literary activity sks stay with British family and pocket money for any pt-time work from Nov./earlier. Box 7107.

EDUCATED girl with son of 3 wants accom. in exchange services. Box 7194.

SOLICITOR in the Temple would welcome son of New Statesman reader as office boy with a view to training as solicitor's clerk. Box 7207.

UNFURNISHED flat desperately needed by private tutor and West Indian wife expecting baby in Oct. 4 gns p.w. incl. or less. West London pref. Box 7201.

PERSIA via Turkey: woman with motor caravan would like one or two, pref. knowledge mechanics to share 4 mths tour and exs. com. March 1961. Opport. those interested writing, archaeology. Box 6552.

THERE is no winter in Malaga. For a unique holiday rent a furn. villa with domestic help from Transvilla, 18 High St, Beckenham, Kent. BECkenham 3666.

A FRIENDLY, understanding home offered in return for help (not domestic) in running small seaside pub. Children would fit in. Olive Roberts, Pelican, Deal.

FRENCH girl skiing New Year in France would like company of English boys and girls. Write please Mlle. Anne-Marie Bessière, YWCA, 57 Gt Russell St, Lond, WC1.

WARM winter and work wanted by convalescent physicist (m, 34). Intd in everything, anything consid. Box 7055.

VIOLA player (am.) for quartets sought, this Sat, in particular. WES. 0806.

OXFORD Graduate seeks opening in book trade full/part-time. Box 7148.

WANTED: addresses, prices asked for families willing receive young French people for holidays, Scotti, Ecole St Jean, Tonneins, Lot-et-Garonne, France.

FROM £5 upwards – Murals for dances, restaurants, homes, halls. Apply Woodstock Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, London, W1. Mayfair 4419.

UNITY Theatre wants actors (unpaid). Androcles & Lion. EUS. 5391.

SHARE of small City office available near Bank, EC2. With desk etc., central heating. £10 per month. Box 7236.

INCREASE your income by introducing Life Insurance. Generous terms. For details write Box 7232.

PERSONAL—continued

REDCLIFFE Festival Choir meets Thursdays, 7.30-9.30, Kensington. New members welcome. BAY. 1780.

WELL-educated young Nigerian woman anxious to learn hotel business by working in exchange board and pocket money. Domestic science training, hard worker, personable. References exchanged. Miss Omezi, Extra Mural Dept, University College, Ibadan, Nigeria.

SOME good companions (5 men, 6 girls) wanted to live it up with me on a skiing holiday. (27 Dec.-9 Jan. Austria, £28 7s.) Anyone interested please write, Patrick Bannard, 'The Cedars', 15 St Margaret's Drive, St Margarets, Mddx.

A NEW philosophy, practical and personal. Box 7164.

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POEMS wanted: Send with s.a.e.: Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

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AUTHORS. Limited and commercial editions, novels, non-fiction, poems, etc., printed/issued. Reasonable rates. Avon books, Fordingbridge, Hants.

ART student going to Paris to spend the New Year wishes to form a small party of intelligent (but lively!) friends. Details from: Sheila Killeen, Box 7019.

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PERSONAL—continued

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

TWO Hundred Prizes offered in 3rd annual Story Contest. Easy-to-enter details from 'The Writer', 124 New Bond Street, W1.

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LECTURE CRSES etc.—contd from p.406

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Both courses held at St John's and All Saints' C of E Secondary School, Exton Street, off Waterloo Road, London, SE1.

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WOOLWICH Polytechnic, SE18. The School of Art announces a series of six lectures 'Insight into Textiles'. Lecturer: John Lawrence. Commencing Wednesday 5 October, these illustrated lectures will be given on alternate Wednesdays until 14 December. The series is intended for those with some knowledge of the crafts of weaving, dyeing, and fabric printing. The series 'Unconscious Roots of Art' is unavoidably postponed. New dates will be announced.

'CHANGING Russia' (A. Nove, S. V. Utechin, J. Keep), 'The City at Work' (J. N. Sykes and others), on the 'Economist'), 'An Approach to Mathematics Through the Motion of Satellites' (S. R. Time), 'The Contemporary Theatre' (Clifford Williams), and 'Jazz' (Benny Green): these and many other lecture-courses by well-known speakers will begin soon at Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, SE14 (TID. 2266). Write or 'phone for Prospectus.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre. School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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For SUMMER SCHOOL see p.483

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Programme available. Now bkng.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0. Thur. Sat. 5.0. 8.0. This Property Is Condemned & The Zoo Story. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Mon. to Fri. 8.0. Sats. 5.0 & 8.15. Thurs. 2.30. John Arden's 'The Happy Haven'.

TH. ROYAL, E.15. MAR. 5973. 8.0. Sat. 5.0. 8.0. 'Sparrers Can't Sing'.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last 2 perfs 'You won't always be on top'. 23 Sept., 'Lady Audley's Secret'. 7.45. Mems.

BRECHT 'Good Woman of Setzuan' SW Herts Drama Council, 20-23 Sept., 7.45. Watford Boys' Gram. Sch. (nr Met. Stn).

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
MONDAY 3 OCTOBER at 8 p.m.
SCHOENBERG'S
VIOLIN CONCERTO
First London performance
Symphony No. 6 in C, Schubert
4 Songs, Goehr; Iberia, Debussy;
Overture King Lear, Debussy
MARIE COLLIER
WOLFGANG MARSCHNER
LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ALEXANDER GIBSON

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music by Vivaldi, Bach, Couperin, Quantz, Telemann. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sat. 24 Sept., 7.45. WAT. 3191.

GUITAR Recital by J. D. Roberts, Burgh House, Hampstead, 28 Sept. 8.15. Luis Milan, Aguado, Terrega. Panormo Guitar.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Films by Nouvelle Vague directors. Until 18 Sept.: Jeanne Moreau in Louis Malle's 'Les Amants' (X). From 19 Sept.: Claude Chabrol's 'Les Cousins' (X).

HOLBORN Film Soc. 13th Yr. Oct. 60 —Apr. 61. 14 prog. in New Cent. Lib. Hall. 1st 8: Vivere in Pace, Pepe le Moko, Blackboard Jungle, Bright Road, The Bed, Burmese Harp, Smallest Show on Earth, Golden Age of Screen Comedy (Huntley). Shorts. 1st Sun. 3rd Tu. 14 shows 20s. 7 Sun./Tu. 13s. 6d. Guests 2s. 6d. Inf. Hon. Sec., Cent. Lib., Theobalds Rd, WC1 (HOL. 2705).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Roy Vaughan Quartet, Sat., 24 Sept., 8-11 p.m. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member. Admission members 5s., guests 7s. 6d.

CHINA'S 11th Anniversary Celebrations. See Lectures and Meetings.

DANCE. International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sat. 17 Sept. 7.30-11. Tkts 4s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

DANCE to Cy Laurie's Jazz Band, St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd, NW1 Fri. 30 Sept., 7.30-11.45. (Other attr.). Tkts 3s 6d, Yvonne Joseph, Co-op Under-30's Group, 348 Grays Inn Rd, WC1. TER. 9276.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S new print of the Courtauld Gallery's Monet 'Autumn at Argenteuil'. £3 6s, plus tax 7s. 10d., from all good printshops or 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W1. 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Mon. to Sat., until 30 Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions; 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6. Sunday 2-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

JAMES McNeill Whistler. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, SW1. Till 24 Sept. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

PICASSO Arts Council Exhibition Tate Gallery Till 18 September Weekdays 10-8; Suns 2-8 Admn 3s 6d (Note late openings daily).

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

CANALETTO Gallery – converted barge moored on Grand Union Canal facing 60 Blomfield Rd, W9 Tube: Warwick Ave. Abstracts & Waterways by Harry Gordon. Until 28 Sept. Every day 11 a.m.-9 p.m.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Henry Mundy – Paintings & Gouaches. Until 30 Sept. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. Summer Exhibition – Recent Acquisitions. 19th & 20th Century Drawings and Paintings.

MOLTON Gallery, Avinash Chandra – Paintings, 7 September – 1 October. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Henry Sanders. Till 12 Oct. (closed 22 and 23 Sept. and 1 Oct.). Daily 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1. Sat. 10-7.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings and Watercolours by Alan Reynolds. Hours 10-6 pm. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Exhibition closes 30 Sept.

ST George's Gallery Prints. Brian Perrin etchings of Welsh Landscape with associated drawings. 6-30 September. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. Wkly 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings: John Wells. 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Jeannette Jackson. Andal. Recent Paintings and Drawings. 12 Sept. to 1 Oct. Daily 10.30-6. Sats 10.30-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Jadot and Stephenson, till 21 September, 10-6.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Pajetta & Bernard Dunstan: Recent paintings. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1).

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings 1959-60 Derrick Greaves opens 20 Sept.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Matter Painting, 21 September-2 October. Private view for members and their guests, Tuesday, 20 September, 6 p.m. Daily 10-6; Sats. 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

PART II Artists of Fame and Promise at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 22 Sept.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Prunella Clough: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1946-1960. Opens Wednesday. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

INDIVIDUAL Pottery by Paula Schneider, Craftsmen Potters Shop, Lowndes Ct off 27 Carnaby St, W1. Dly till 23 Sept.

RECENT paintings by Oliver Caldecott are on view at The Coffee House, 9 Northumberland Avenue, WC2. Daily (except Sundays) until 1 October.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOUTH AFRICA'S LEADERS UNITE
HEAR THEIR POLICY AGAINST APARTHEID

DR YUSUF DADOO, Ex-President, South African Indian Congress.
J. KOSONGUIZI, President, SW African National Union.
NANA MAHOMO, Natl Executive Representative, Pan-Africanist Congress.
OLIVER TAMBO, President, South African National Congress.
Chairman to be announced
CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER
23 Sept., 7.30 p.m.

Meeting sponsored by: Africa Bureau; Anti-Apartheid Movement; Christian Action; Committee of African Organisations; Movement for Colonial Freedom.

Tickets, 1s. 6d. at door, 2s. 6d. Res. from Africa Bureau, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1. (TATE 0701).

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CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Mary Stewart on 'Learning to Read', Wed. 21 Sept. 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Road, NW2.

NLR Scientists Group: J. R. Ravetz (Leeds) on Society and Science. Partisan, Carlisle St, Wed., 21 Sept., 8 p.m.

BLACKHEATH NL Club: Martin Ennals on Civil Liberties. Crown Publ. House, B'heath Village, 8 p.m., Fri., 23 Sept.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri., 16 Sept., 8 p.m. Pushkin Club journey to Russia—impressions by travellers. Fri. 23 Sept., 8 p.m. Prof. A. Swan: 'Reminiscences of Scriabin, Rachmaninoff, Medtner'.

NEW Jewish Society, Wed. 21 Sept. – No Meeting – Rosh Hashana.

CLEAR Thinking, Economic Problems, Human Behaviour, Legal Aspects of Homemaking, Religions of the World, Appreciation of Art, Music, Drama. Know Your London. Why not join study and discn groups in these and other subjects, now forming in London SW2? Box 7315.

'IMMORTALITY: Unbroken Consciousness'. Public lecture, 18 Sept. 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queens Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURES on How Personality is Acquired. For Syllabus Creative Personality, 22 Frognal, NW3. SWI. 5048.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CHINA'S 11th Anniversary Celebrations. Artistes: Sybil Thorndike, Hedli Anderson, Susanna Slivko, Dorita y Pepe, Lee Soo Bee; also 'Who Was Lindley?' Dramatic script for 7 voices; Guest of Honour, Huan Hsiang, Charge d'Affaires of the People's Republic of China. St Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, 2 Oct., 7.30 p.m. Tickets: 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. All seats reserved. Apply BCFA, 228 Grays Inn Rd, WC1.

CONGO! Support Lumumba! March from Hyde Park 3 p.m., Trafalgar Sq Rally 4 p.m. This Sun. 18 Sept. Leading British and African speakers. Org. by MCF and CAO.

HOW Much Do You Know? – About the background to economic policies? – About booms and slumps, full employment, the Common Market, wages, taxation, subsidies, inflation, land speculation, etc., and the fascinating moral and economic implications of present-day political and economic thinking? 10-week evening courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begin at Victoria, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. on Tues. and Thurs. 27 and 29 September. Classes also to be held at New Eltham, Dartford, Welling, Beckenham, Sevenoaks, Muswell Hill, Romford, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Liverpool, Cardiff, Dundee and Glasgow. For full particulars of day and time and prospectus, write to The Henry George School of Social Science, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1, or telephone VIC. 4266. Nominal fee for the course is 5s.

'MARXISM and the Individual'. Dr. John Lewis speaks at Hampstead Town Hall Tu. 20 Sept. at 8. Adm. 6d.

FORUM – Problems of Underdeveloped Countries: next meeting Fri. 23 Sept., 7.30 p.m. at 32 Tavistock Square, WC1. 'Afro-Asia and the United Nations'. Speaker: Mr David Ross.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq, SW1. Public lecture Wed. 21 Sept., 6.30. 'The Life and Teaching of the Buddha'. Mr T. M. Harris. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q. 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Av, Muswell Hill, N10: Suns., 5 p.m. Discourse, Thurs., 22 Sept., 7.30 Kingsway Hall, Norman Marlow, MA (Guest-speaker): 'India's Eternal' Message'.

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LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd on p.407

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